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VOLUME XXXIV NO 10 : DECEMBER 3 1904

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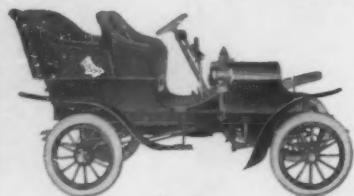


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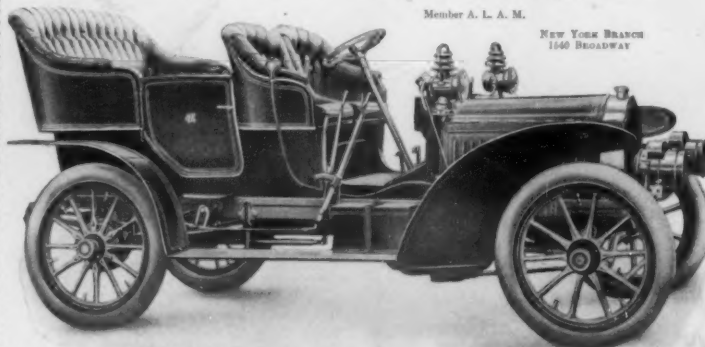
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# COLLIER'S

CHRISTMAS NUMBER



Christmas Eve.

# A Christmas Editorial

By Norman Hapgood

HAPPINESS IS PURSUED in ways as many almost as there are men. In DANTE's famous sentence, nothing is sadder than past joys remembered in unhappy days. To others, such memories have seemed the consolations of a dismal age. GOETHE spoke the central truth about happiness when he said it comes most surely to those who live in other lives as fully as in their own. Many have said this also, and a greater than GOETHE said it in words which underlie what is most alive in Christianity to-day.

In remaining a time of fellowship and joy, Christmas has continued to represent the spirit of CHRIST. The more exactly religious side of Christianity is expressed rather in the Easter season. Christmas gives us CHRIST's religion after it has entered into the ordinary affairs of men, after it has become the heaven of our daily life. It is the spirit which makes life on this earth more abundant. It contradicts that strange perversion which has, now and again, turned sweetness into threats and bitterness. Sorrow may be more beautiful than Beauty's self. KEATS, who said that, had in some respects a pagan mind, but the beauty of sorrow, the happiness of sympathy, first became real to man through CHRIST. It is the greatest addition which His religion has made to human feeling. It is the only great creation of ideals since the race of highest genius, living for a little while in Greece, expressed another kind of beauty, another sight of life. Since CHRIST, sympathy with suffering, the shading of happiness by the sorrows of the world, and the lightening of grief by a feeling to which the ancient world was stranger, have changed the temper of mankind. The pagan spirit is forever dead. Fine souls have wept for it, and bemoaned the new force before which it fell, but, on the whole, the world believes the new joy, when all is said, is greater than the old.

In the actual festivities of Christmas, children are the centre, by a pleasant coincidence, as they were favorites of Him through whom Christmas is. To the child it is a season of enchantment, a fairy time. It is so full of golden dreams

and half mysterious hopes and joys, it is such complete felicity that nothing in the world seems more desolate than a child to whom Christmas pleasures are unknown. Nothing in later life will be the same. The romance of love will most resemble the romance of toys. A maid, with a shape of curl or turn of nose, will raise feelings most akin to those which responded to dreams of rocking-horses, illuminated trees, and stockings full of candy.

Each stage in our progress from the cradle to the grave has its different Christmas. Old age forgets itself, the ghosts which haunt its memories, and enters into the young creature's happiness with a relish second only to the child's. The grandmother no longer wishes sleds or hoops or gingerbread monkeys for herself, but she looks with love and wonder upon the little beings who respond so radiantly to these objects of domestic manufacture. Between these generations stand the parents, with their own lives of bustle and responsibility and desire, their own games and gewgaws to pursue, but yet with a beginning of the change, from living for themselves, to living in their young.

These reflections are perhaps too serious for a festive time. The average human connects his pleasure with material experiences. An old English tradition ran that as many mince pies as you taste at Christmas, so many happy months will you enjoy. Gorging indigestible food is not so closely allied with gayety as it used to be in "the good old days," say of GEORGE IV, or in the older and still better days of the Roman Empire, when the December holidays were called the Saturnalia. We have departed from such habits, but even now holiday stuffing has its place. It also leaves its aftertaste.

"Man, curs'd man, on Turkeys preys,  
And Christmas shortens all our days."

If this rhyme were emblazoned on every table, more would be left wherewith to make a holiday for children who never guess the delight and wonder of the day.

## Railroading a Christmas

By Booth Tarkington

"WHAT have they done with Christmas, anyway?" complained one of the commercial travelers, the first to break a silence which had lasted an hour in that place of gloom. "What's become of it nowadays?"

He turned from the window, where the sodden Alleghanies, swept by the rain of a Christmas twilight, made at us deathly faces of twisting vapor and shifting cliff as the train wound through the darkening passes. There were only six of us on the sleeper, all men, each a stranger to the others, and we had all spent Christmas Day in the smoking-room, watching the drenched foreground of the landscape swim behind us, dizzily racing its own background. It had been too dark to read; a game of euchre had pined and died early; the summons for breakfast and for lunch in the dining-car had been welcomed promptly upon the first call, not because of

hunger, but as a change in the monotony of that unending day.

"I don't believe there's any Christmas anywhere any more," said the commercial traveler. "Not like there used to be."

"No," returned the middle-aged man with the good cigar, "I expect you're right. And it isn't to be wondered at that it doesn't seem to us—being hauled and jerked through this winter desolation—that there is much Christmas anywhere in the world, because there is none here."

"Christmas is dying out," declared the man with the flask. "Even in town it's duller than Sunday. I always try to put in most of it sleeping."

"It isn't Christmas that's gone, maybe," said the middle-aged man with the good cigar, "so much as our youth. Fourth of July, Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year's, and

Birthdays—do you remember what they all meant to you once? Ah, me, we've lost them all—except one, and it's because we have that, that we've lost the others."

"Which one?" I asked.

"The Birthday," he sighed, "the one that we mistake in childhood for a blessing. But don't let's talk of Birthdays!"

"Fourth of July used to be my favorite," said the man in cloth slippers. "Lord, how long ahead we used to begin countin' days! And up at pretty near three o'clock in the morning so's not to miss any of it! That was happiness! I tell you, I'd give a good deal to git as much fun out of a hundred dollars now, as I used to out of a quarter's worth o' cap-pistol and fire-crackers! I remember the time I hooked two o' them little ole-fashioned skyrockets out of a store, and climbed up on the barn-roof with 'em and





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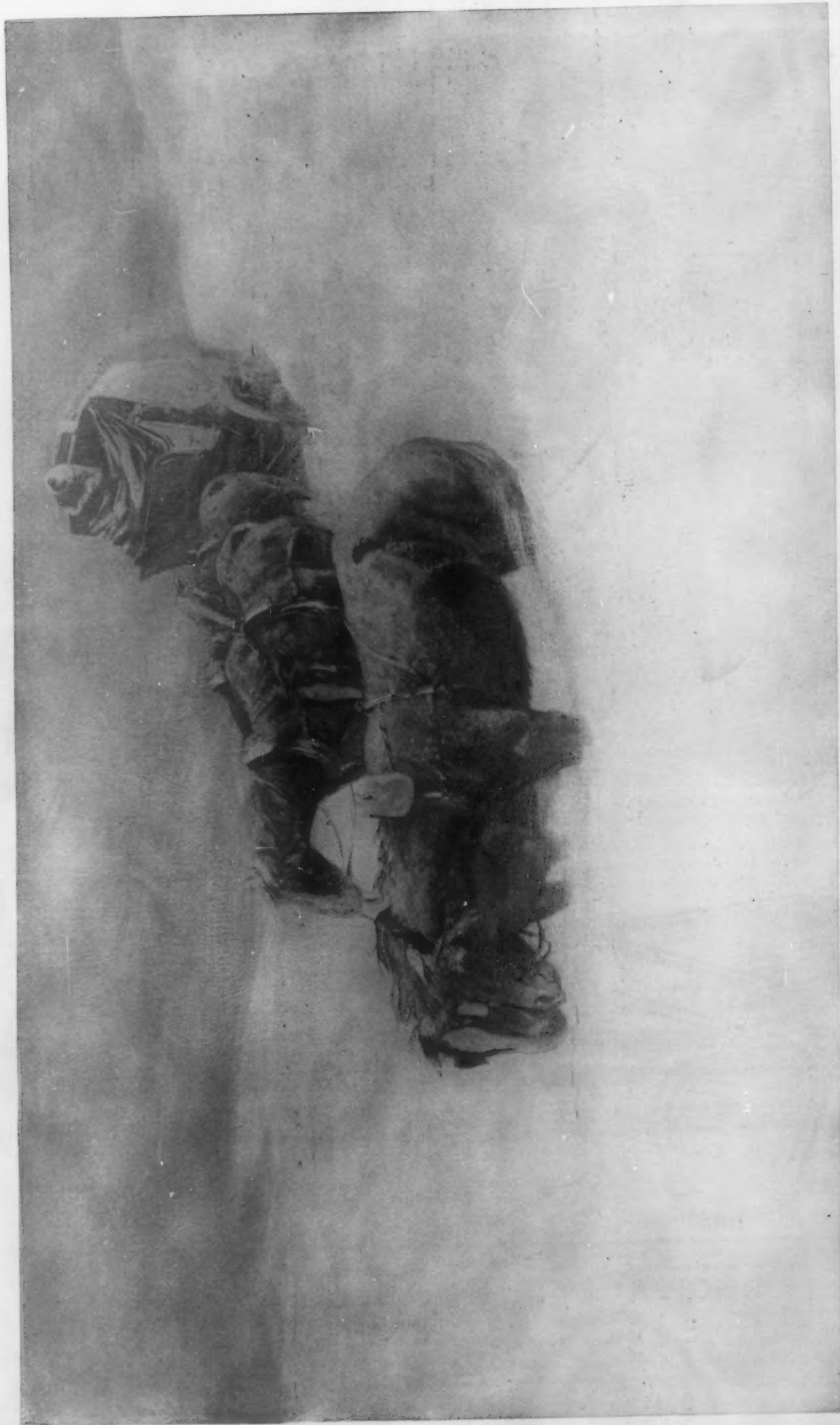
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## RECIPROCITY : : By Edward S. Martin

**H**ER folks have taken worlds of pains to raise her:  
 She stands the fine fruition of their plan.  
 At figures quite unheard of they appraise her,  
 And she's gone and given herself to that young man!

**B**UT never mind. His mother thinks *he's* priceless;  
 His father sat up nights to keep him good.  
 She'll have him for her own, fond, fresh, and viceless—  
 Things really work out sometimes as they should.

The Christmas Collier's



A SNOW-BOUND CHRISTMAS ON THE OVERLAND COACH

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set 'em off from up there, so's to make 'em go a little higher!"

"Thanksgiving looked good to me!" said the other commercial traveler mournfully. "I was a wonderful eater till I lost my digestion. Never lived anybody got more out of Thanksgiving than me, I expect."

"And New Year's Day," the middle-aged man sighed wistfully. "New Year's Day—how nice they used to make it! I'm sorry they had to give that up—the old way of keeping 'Open House.' There never was anything prettier; it amounted to an institution, and life is the duller for the loss of it. Even the old fellows used to make a sort of carnival of it, and for the young men it was just a day of enchantment. Don't you remember how it was? Crisp snow lying light and clean on the ground, maybe, with now and then a little flurry of it in the air—sleigh-bells just singing—everybody dressed up and laughing and liking each other—groups of young men in their silk hats jumping out of hacks and sleighs, going from one 'Open House' to another—old darkies in white ties and swallow-tails bowing and opening the front doors to let 'em in—you could hear the violins going it inside—then the flowers and yellow gaslight and warmth of big fires when you went in. And then, ah, the pretty girls!"

"Yes, they were pretty!" said the man with the flask, sitting up in his chair and opening his eyes. "There used to be lots of 'em, then—carloads of 'em!"

"Yes, there *did*!" corroborated the first commercial traveler heartily. "I remember!"

"And they were mighty pretty!" added the second quickly.

"That's so!" said the man with the cloth slippers.

"I can remember," continued the man with the good cigar, "the first New Year's Day when I was old enough to make New Year's calls. Home for the holidays in sophomore year, proud of being almost twenty. Clothes that would have waked up a deaf and dumb asylum at midnight—and I sorry for the poor old people that didn't know enough to wear the same kind. I give you my word, there were pretty girls in my town, that New Year's! And there was one of 'em that was prettiest of all—had brown eyes—"

"I know," said the man with the flask. "Brown eyes! Didn't they have the same shine—way back in them—that brown velvet has when it's slantwise in the sun?"

"They did indeed! And she had a little straight nose—"

"You bet your soul she did!" said the first commercial traveler.

"And she had wavy brown hair—"

"And blushed the prettiest in the world," interrupted the second commercial traveler.

"Blushed *easy*!" enthused the man in the cloth slippers.

"Didn't she have flowers in her hands when you came into the room that New Year's Day?" asked the man with the flask.

"Roses," said the man with the good cigar. "I sent them—and some at her waist and one in her hair. I saw her as soon as I came in, though there were lots of other young fellows around her. She saw me, too."

"Let on not to, though, I expect?" inquired the man with the flask.

"Yes, both of us. And then—"

"Didn't you tremble?"

"Shook so I could hardly get my hands in my pockets. Then I made my greeting to the hostess and began working through the crowd and around the furniture toward her."

"Busted the aquarium, prob'ly, on the way," suggested the first commercial traveler.

"No—knocked over a couple of vases."

"And when you finally reached her," said the man with the flask, "didn't you laugh a good deal about it's being nice weather for New Year's?"

"Yes, about eighty times."

"And pretty soon she took you out to the dining-room for refreshments?"

"Yes—corner behind some big plants. Breathed the perfume of her hair as she leaned a little toward me, and got started to shaking again."

"Didn't shake too much to eat, though?"

"No!" shouted the man with the good cigar. "They were 'refreshments' in those days! They were in my town! Oysters—fried brown oysters that they don't have any more. Two of the kind you see nowadays would kill an ostrich, but those just melted! And scalloped oysters, and old-fashioned chicken salad—"

"Took hours and hours to make it," said the second commercial traveler. "And they used," he continued in a breaking voice, "young chicken!"

"And turkey, too, stuffed—"

"It was!" commented the second commercial traveler.

"And good coffee, and home-made ice cream that didn't taste like frozen napkin—and jelly cakes, light and trembly, and icing cake six stories high, unpatriated, and with hickory-nuts in it, and chocolate cake and—and—"

"Is my memory deceiving me?" asked the man with

the flask solemnly. "I seem to recall that there was punch—a widow's cruse of never-ending champagne punch."

"There was!" explained the man with the good cigar. "Old-fashioned punch. It was because of that punch, I suppose, that the old custom died out, and yet I don't believe it did much harm."

"I'll tell you one thing," said the man with the flask, "if there ever lived a man who understood how to concoct that punch righteously and to the betterment of mankind, you behold him in me! I suppose I could find all the materials under the care of the dining-room steward, and if the rest of you say the word—"

The word was said with a suddenness that startled him. The man with the good cigar pushed a bell.



The punch was bubbling in a big mixing-bowl

"Frank," said he to the porter, when the latter appeared, "take this gentleman to the dining-car and tell Henderson to do everything he can to help him quick!"

The porter obeyed with the profound courtesy and almost celerity which we had all day observed in his manner toward this passenger, and conveyed his charge with elaborate patronage to the dining-car. We halted presently at a station, and the commercial travelers, descending for a breath of air, returned at a run as the train moved again, bearing with laughter (which covered some shamefacedness) half a dozen holly wreaths and ropes of evergreen which they had purchased from a shivering vender on the street. We were awake at last, after the lonesome and gloomy day, and were beginning to trust each other in the American fashion. Therefore, offering many attempts at foolishness, we helped the two brethren to hang their greenery about the compartment, suspending it upon towel-racks and wall-hooks. By the time it was all in place, the punch was bubbling in a big mixing-bowl upon the adjustable card-table, the creator thereof ladling the mere top of it into six glasses, meanwhile offering many favorable comments upon the decorations. It was moved and carried that the company should perform the pleasure of the day by making one Christmas present, at least, and the porter received the collection that was taken.



"Lots of the fellows around her . . ."

up for him with an ill-concealed attempt to cover his emotion.

"Yes," observed the man with the good cigar, when we were once more seated, "this tastes mighty like it!"

"That's a fact," added the man with the cloth slippers, as he contemplated the bottom of his first glass.

"New Year's Day was good," continued the former speaker, as if inquiring our opinion, "and it was happy, but after all, I don't know but Christmas—maybe, now—was better!"

"Fer me," said the man with the cloth slippers, "I guess you better put me down as holdin' forth that Christmas laid 'em all over. Takin' it by and large, great and small, I expect you can jest about give me an old-fashioned Christmas!"

"With the old folks there," said the first commercial traveler softly. "Your father and mother at the head and foot of the table, and maybe, if you were as lucky as I was, your grandfather and grandmother jokin' with the children, too."

"They used to have such kind faces, the old folks, didn't they," the second added, somewhat huskily. "I remember them—all there, then, around the table, kind and happy-looking in the lamplight."

"The strangest thing to me," the middle-aged man went on, "is to think that these big hands of mine were the hands that looked so small, then, beside those of the tall uncle I sat next to. It's all mighty funny to think of how high the stairs used to seem as I went up them to bed. To think that I am the same person that had to climb up on a chair to get at my stocking on the mantelpiece, Christmas morning! And to think that I could coast lying full-length on one of those little old-fashioned red sleds! It isn't believable!"

"The sled I remember," said the man with the flask, lading again, "had a name painted on it—Jack Frost's Pride."

"Mine was called," the first commercial traveler remembered, "The American Youth's Winter Companion."

"I think the happiest day of my life," said the middle-aged man, "was the Christmas when I got my first sled. They couldn't get it away from me, and at last had to let me take it to bed with me."

"I did that with a tin 'Boy's Own Grocery Wagon,' once," said the man with the flask. "Pretty near cut my arm off!"

"Remember your first pair of skates?" asked the man with the cloth slippers.

"That kind," responded the man with the flask, "I do."

"I read a mighty good story about Christmas once," said the first commercial traveler, "read it a long while ago. I don't know who it was that wrote it—Englishman, I expect, because it didn't seem to be about anything in the United States, and I don't know as it seemed to be telling things just the way they do happen, either, but I remember it gave me a kind of Christmasy feeling than anything else ever did."

"What was the name of it?" I asked.

"I don't know," he returned. "About all I recollect of it was that there was an old fellow who didn't believe in Christmas, a mighty close business man that didn't treat his clerk right, and there was a ghost—a whole lot of ghosts—came around disturbing him that night, and there was a little crippled boy—"

"Tiny Tim!" exclaimed the man with the good cigar.

"Tiny Tim! Ah, I used to read the story of Old Scrooge—"

"That's it," cried the other, "Old Scrooge and Tiny Tim! That's right!"

"I used to read it every Christmas-time. I think that may have been something of what I was feeling just now, when I spoke of the wonder anybody has, sometimes, the unspeakable wonder that he is the same person that used to be so little. Do you remember Scrooge and the ghost of Christmas Past taking him back to the schoolhouse at Christmas-time to show him, through the window, his old self, the little Scrooge, reading the story of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves?"

And the story of Scrooge is a fairy tale, of course, like the fairy tale little Scrooge was reading, and yet—isn't it true? We've all been going back, to-night, to look in at the windows, haven't we? After all, I don't know if it is so true that Christmas is gone."

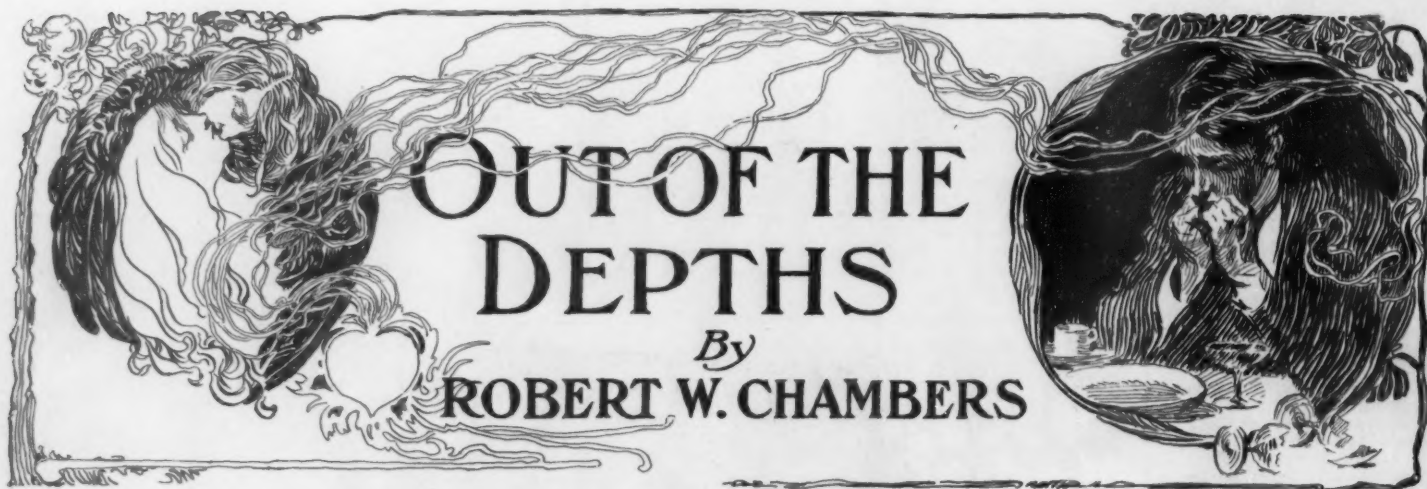
"Neither do I," said the man with the cloth slippers, allowing—without violent protestation—his glass to be filled. "I expect, maybe, that our youth isn't either. Perhaps it's only that we forget both, sometimes."

"Yes," said the man with the good cigar, "just as we forget Tiny Tim's 'God bless us, every one!' The world is full of people who remember that on Sunday and out of office hours. Memory's a queer thing, and it plays us its most inhuman trick when it's most obedient to our wills, and lets us bury its best children."

"I remember it all now," the first commercial traveler rose to his feet. "That's a pretty good toast to start with on Christmas night, and I propose we drink it standing. 'God bless us, every one!'"

"And now," asked the man with the flask, when we were seated again, "does anybody know any of the old songs?"

"Who would have thought it!" said the middle-aged man, splashing about the metal wash-basin as we rolled into Jersey City the next morning. "I expect last night was one of the best Christmases I ever put in in my life!"



ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

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DUST and wind had subsided; there seemed to be a hint of rain in the starless west.

Because the August evening had become oppressive, the club windows stood wide open as though gaping for the outer air. Rugs and curtains had been removed; an incandescent light or two accentuated the emptiness of the rooms; here and there shadowy servants prowled, gilt buttons sparkling through the obscurity, their footsteps on the bare floor intensifying the heavy quiet.

Into this week's-end void wandered young Shannon, drifting aimlessly from library to corridor, finally entering the long room where the portraits of dead governors smirked through the windows at the deserted avenue.

As his steps echoed on the rugless floor, a shadowy something detached itself from the depths of a padded armchair by the corner window, and a voice he recognized greeted him by name.

"You here, Harrod?" he exclaimed. "Thought you were at Bar Harbor."

"I was. I had business in town."

"Do you stay here long?"

"Not long," said Harrod slowly.

Shannon dropped into a chair with a yawn which ended in a groan.

"Of all God-forsaken places," he began, "a New York club in August."

Harrod touched an electric button, but no servant answered the call.

Presently Shannon, sprawling in his chair, jabbed the button with the ferrule of his walking-stick, and a servant took the order, repeating as though he had not understood: "Did you say two, sir?"

"With olives, dry," nodded Shannon irritably.

They sat there in silence until the tinkle of ice aroused them, and—"Double luck to you," muttered Shannon; then, with a scarcely audible sigh, "Bring two more and bring a dinner card." And turning to the older man, "You're dining, Harrod?"

"If you like."

A servant came and turned on an electric jet; Shannon scanned the card under the pale radiance, scribbled on the pad, and handed it to the servant.

"Did you put down my name?" asked Harrod curiously.

"No, you'll dine with me—if you don't mind."

"I don't mind—for this last time."

"Going away again?"

"Yes."

Shannon signed the blank and glanced up at his friend. "Are you well?" he asked abruptly.

Harrod, lying deep in his leather chair, nodded. "Oh, you're rather white around the gills. We'll have another."

"I thought you had cut that out, Shannon."

"Cut what out?"

"Drinking."

"Well, I haven't," said Shannon sulkily, lifting his glass and throwing one knee over the ottoman.

"The last time I saw you, you said you would cut it," observed Harrod.

"Well, what of it?"

"But you haven't?"

"No, my friend."

"Can't you stop?"

"I could—now. To-morrow—I don't know; but I know well enough I couldn't day after to-morrow. And day after to-morrow I shall not care."

A short silence and Harrod said: "That's why I came back here."

"What?"

"To stop you."

Shannon regarded him in sullen amazement.

A servant announcing dinner brought them to their feet; together they walked out into the empty dining-room and seated themselves by an open window.

Presently Shannon looked up with an impatient laugh.

"For Heaven's sake let's be cheerful, Harrod. If you knew how the infernal town had got on my nerves."

"That's what I came back for too," said Harrod with his strange white smile. "I knew the world was fighting you to the ropes."

"It is; here I stay on, day after day, on the faint chance of something doing." He shrugged his shoulders. "Business is worse than dead; I can't hold on much longer. You're right; the world has hammered me to the ropes, and it will be down and out for me unless—"

"Unless you can borrow on your own terms?"

"Yes, but I can't."

"You are mistaken."

"Mistaken? Who will—"

"I will."

"You! Why, man, do you know how much I need? Do you know for how long I shall need it? Do you know what the chances are of my making good? You! Why, Harrod, I'd swamp you! You can't afford—"

"I can afford anything—now."

Shannon stared: "You have struck something?"

"Something that puts me beyond want." He fumbled in his breast pocket, drew out a portfolio, and from the flat leather case he produced a numbered check bearing his signature, but not filled out.

"Tell them to bring pen and ink," he said.

Shannon, perplexed, signed to a waiter. When the ink was brought, Harrod motioned Shannon to take the pen. "Before I went to Bar Harbor," he said, "I had a certain sum—" He hesitated, mentioned the sum in a low voice and asked Shannon to fill in the check for that amount. "Now blot it, pocket it, and use it," he added listlessly, looking out into the lamplighted street.

Shannon, whiter than his friend, stared at the bit of perforated yellow paper.

"I can't take it," he stammered—"my security is rotten, I tell you—"

"I want no security; I—I am beyond want," said Harrod. "Take it; I came back here for this—partly for this."

"Come back here to—to—help me!—"

"To help you. Shannon, I had been a lonely man in life, I think you never realized how much your friendship has been to me. I had nobody—no intimacies. You never understood—you with all your friends—that I cared more for our casual companionship than for anything in the world."

Shannon bent his head. "I did not know it," he said.

Harrod raised his eyes and looked up at the starless sky; Shannon ate in silence; into his young face, already marred by dissipation, a strange light had come. And little by little order began to emerge from his whirling senses; he saw across an abyss a bridge glittering, and beyond that, beckoning to him through a white glory, all that his heart desired.

"I was at the ropes," he muttered; "how could you know it, Harrod? I—I never whined—"

"I know more than I did—yesterday," said Harrod, resting his pale face on one thin hand.

Shannon, nerves on edge, all aquiver, the blood racing through every vein, began to speak excitedly: "It's like a dream—one of the blessed sort—Harrod! Harrod! the dreams I've had this last year! And I try—I try to understand what has happened—what you have done for me. I can't—I'm shaking all over, and I suppose I'm sitting here eating and drinking, but—"

He touched his glass blindly; it tipped and crashed to the floor, the breaking froth of the wine hissing on the cloth.

"Harrod! Harrod! What sort of a man am I to deserve this of you? What can I do—"

"Keep your nerve—for one thing."

"I will!—you mean that?" touching the stem of the new glass, which the waiter had brought and was filling. He struck the glass till it rang out a clear, thrilling, crystalline note, then struck it more sharply. It splintered with a soft splashing crash. "Is that all?" he laughed.

"No, not all."

"What more will you let me do?"

"One thing more. Tell them to serve coffee below."

So they passed out of the dining-room, through the deserted corridors, and descended the stairway to the lounging room. It was unlighted and empty. Shannon stepped back and the



"I can't take it," he stammered—"my security is rotten, I tell you—"



elder man passed him and took the corner chair by the window—the same seat where Shannon had first seen him sitting ten years before, and where he always looked to find him after the ending of a business day. And continuing his thoughts the younger man spoke aloud impulsively: "I remember perfectly well how we met. Do you? You had just come back to town from Bar Harbor, and I saw you stroll in and seat yourself in that corner, and, because I was sitting next you, you asked if you might include me in your order—do you remember?"

"Yes, I remember."

"And I told you I was a new member here, and you pointed out the portraits of all those dead governors of the club, and told me what good fellows they had been. I found out later that you yourself were a governor of the club."

"Yes—I was."

Harrod's shadowy face swerved toward the window, his eyes resting on the familiar avenue, empty now save for the policeman opposite, and the ragged children of the poor. In August the high tide from the slums washes Fifth Avenue, stranding a gasping flotsam at the thresholds of the absent.

"And I remember, too, what you told me," continued Shannon.

"What?" said Harrod, turning noiselessly to confront his friend.

"About that child. Do you remember? That beautiful child you saw? Don't you remember that you told me how she used to leave her governess and talk to you on the rocks?"

"Yes," said Harrod. "That, too, is why I came back here to tell you the rest. For the evil days have come to her, Shannon, and the years draw nigh. Listen to me."

There was a silence; Shannon, mute and perplexed, set his coffee on the window-sill and leaned back, flicking the ashes from his cigar; Harrod passed his hands slowly over his hollow temples: "Her parents are dead; she is not yet twenty; she is not equipped to support herself in life; and—she is beautiful. What chance has she, Shannon?"

The other was silent.

"What chance?" repeated Harrod. "And, when I tell you that she is unsuspicious, and that she reasons only with her heart, answer me; what chance has she with a man? For you know men, and so do I, Shannon, so do I."

"Who is she, Harrod?"

"The victim of divorced parents—awarded to her mother. Let her parents answer; they are answering now, Shannon. But their plea is no concern of yours. What concerns you is the living. The child, grown to womanhood, is here, advertising for employment—here in New York, asking for a chance. What chance has she?"

"When did you learn this?" asked Shannon soberly.

"I learned it to-night—everything concerning her—to-night—an hour before I—I met you. That is why I returned. Shannon, listen to me attentively; listen to every word I say. Do you remember a passing fancy you had this spring for a blue-eyed girl you met every morning on your way downtown? Do you remember that, as the days went on, little by little she came to return your glance?—then your smile?—then, at last, your greeting? And do you remember, once, that you told me about it in a moment of depression—told me that you were close to infatuation, that you believed her to be everything sweet and innocent, that you dared not drift any further, knowing the chances and knowing the end—bitter unhappiness either way whether in guilt or innocence?"

"I remember," said Shannon hoarsely. "But that is not—can not be—"

"That is the girl."

"Not the child you told me of—"

"Yes."

"How—when did you know—"

"To-night. I know more than that, Shannon. You will learn it later. Now ask me again, what it is that you may do."

"I ask it," said Shannon under his breath. "What am I to do?"

For a long while Harrod sat silent, staring out of the dark window; then, "It is time for us to go."

"You wish to go out?"

"Yes; we will walk together for a little while—as we did in the old days, Shannon—only a little while, for I must be going back."

"Where are you going, Harrod?"

But the elder man had already risen and moved toward the door; and Shannon picked up his hat and followed him out across the dusky lamplighted street.

Into the Avenue they passed under the white, unsteady radiance of arc-lights which drooped like huge lilies from stalks of bronze; here and there the front of some hotel lifted, like a cliff, its window-pierced façade pulsating with yellow light, or a white marble mass, cold and burned out, spread a sea of shadow over the glimmering asphalt. At times the lighted lamps of cabs flashed in their faces; at times figures passed like spectres; but into the street where they were now turning were neither lamps nor people nor sound, nor any light, save, far in the obscure vista, a dull hint of lightening edging the west.

Twice Shannon had stopped, peering at Harrod, who neither halted nor slackened his steady, noiseless pace; and the younger man, hesitating, moved on again, quickening his steps to his friend's side.

"Where are—are you going?"

"Do you not know?"

The color died out of Shannon's face; he spoke

again, forming his words slowly with dry lips: "Harrod, why—why do you come into this street—to-night? What do you know? How do you know? I tell you I—I can not endure this—this tension—"

"She is enduring it."

"Good God!"

"Yes, God is good," said Harrod, turning his haggard face as they halted. "Answer me, Shannon, where are we going?"

"To—her. You know it! Harrod! Harrod! How did you know? I—I did not know, myself, until an hour before I met you;—I had not seen her in weeks—I had not dared to—for all trust in self was dead. To-day, downtown, I faced the crash and saw across to-morrow the end of all. Then, in my journey hellward to-night, just at dusk, we passed each other, and before I understood what I had done we were side by side. And almost instantly—I don't know how—she seemed to sense the ruin before us both—for mine was heavy on my soul, Harrod, as I stood, measuring damnation

night I knew what to-morrow she shall know—and you, Shannon, you too shall know. Good-by."

"Harrod! wait. Don't—don't go—"

He turned and looked back at the younger man with that familiar gesture he knew so well.

It was final, and Shannon swung blindly on his heel and entered the street again, eyes raised to the high lighted window under which he had halted a moment before. Then he mounted the steps, groped in the vestibule for the illuminated number, and touched the electric knob. The door swung open noiselessly as he entered, closing behind him with a soft click.

Up he sped, mounting stair on stair, threading the narrow hallways, then upward again, until of a sudden she stood confronting him, bent toward, white hands tightening on the banisters.

Neither spoke. She straightened slowly, fingers relaxing from the polished rail. Over her shoulders he saw a lamplighted room, and she turned and looked backward at the threshold and covered her face with both hands.

"What is it?" he whispered, bending close to her. "Why do you tremble? You need not. There is nothing in all the world you need fear. Look into my eyes. Even a child may read them now."

Her hands fell from her face and their eyes met, and what she read in his, and he in hers, God knows, for she swayed where she stood, lids closing; yielding hands and lips and throat and hair. She cried, too, later, her hands on his shoulders where he knelt beside her, holding him at arm's-length from her fresh young face to search his for the menace she once had read there. But it was gone—that menace she had read and vaguely understood, and she cried a little more, one arm around his head pressed close to her side.

"From the very first—the first moment I saw you," he said, under his breath, answering the question quiver on her lips—lips divinely merciful, repeating the lovers' creed and the confession of faith for which, perhaps, all souls in love are shriven in the end.

"Naida! Naida!"—for he had learned her name and could not have enough of it—"all that the world holds for me of good is here, circled by my arms. Not mine the manhood to win out, alone—but there is a man who came to me to-night and stood sponsor for the falling soul within me."

"How he knew my peril and yours, God knows. But he came like Fate and held his buckler before me, and he led me here and set a flaming sword before your door—the door of the child he loved—there on the sea rocks ten years ago. Do you remember? He said you would. And he is no archangel—this man among men, this friend with whom, unknowing, I have this night wrestled face to face. His name is Harrod."

"My name!" She stood up straight and pale, within the circle of his arms; he rose, too, speechless, uncertain—then faced her, white and appalled.

She said: "He—he followed us to Bar Harbor. I was a child, I remember. I hid from my governess and talked with him on the rocks. Then we went away. I—I lost my father." Staring at her, his stiffening lips formed a word, but no sound came.

"Bring him to me!" she whispered. "How can he know I am here and stay away! Does he think I have forgotten? Does he think shame of me? Bring him to me!"

She caught his hands in hers and kissed them passionately; she framed his face in her small hands of a child and looked deep, deep into his eyes: "Oh, the happiness you have brought! I love you! You with whom I am to enter Paradise! Now bring him to me!"

Shaking, amazed, stunned in a whirl of happiness and doubt, he crept down the black stairway, feeling his way. The doors swung noiselessly; he was almost running when he turned into the Avenue. The trail of white lights starred his path; the solitary street echoed his haste, and now he sprang into the wide doorway of the club, and as he passed, the desk clerk leaned forward, handing him a telegram. He took it, halted, breathing heavily, and asked for his friend.

"Mr. Harrod?" repeated the clerk. "Mr. Harrod has not been here in a month, sir."

"What? I dined with Mr. Harrod here at eight o'clock!" he laughed.

"Sir? I—I beg your pardon, sir, but you dined here alone to-night—"

"Send for the steward!" broke in Shannon impatiently, slapping his open palm with the yellow envelope. The steward came, followed by the butler, and to a quick question from the desk clerk, replied: "Mr. Harrod has not been in the club for six weeks."

"But I dined with Mr. Harrod at eight! Wilkins, did you not serve us?"

"I served you, sir; you dined alone—" the butler hesitated, coughed discreetly; and the steward added, "You ordered for two, sir—"

Something in the steward's troubled face silenced Shannon; the butler ventured: "Beg pardon, sir, but we—the waiters thought you might be—ill, seeing how you talked to yourself and called for ink to write upon the cloth and broke two glasses, laughing like—"

Shannon staggered, turning a ghastly visage from one to another. Then his dazed gaze centred upon the telegram crushed in his hand, and shaking from head to foot, he smoothed it out and opened the envelope.

But it was purely a matter of business; he was requested to come to Bar Harbor and receive a check, drawn to his order, and perhaps aid to identify the body of a drowned man in the morgue.



Her hands fell from her face and their eyes met

with smiling eyes—at the brink of it, there. And she knew I was adrift at last."

He looked up at the house before him. "I said I would come. She neither assented nor denied me, nor asked a question. But in her eyes, Harrod, I saw what one sees in the eyes of children, and it stunned me. . . What shall I do?"

"Go to her and look again," said Harrod. "That is what I have come back to ask of you. Good-by."

He turned, his shadowy face drooping, and Shannon followed to the Avenue. There, in the white outbreak of electric lamps, he saw Harrod again as he had always known him, a hint of a smile in his worn eyes, the well-shaped mouth edged with laughter, and he was saying, "It's all in a lifetime, Shannon—and more than you suspect—much more. You have not told me her name yet?"

"I do not know it."

"Ah, she will tell you if you ask. Say to her that I remember her there on the sea rocks. Say to her that I have searched for her always, but that it was only to-

# A Defective Santa Claus

By James Whitcomb Riley

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ALLUS when our Pa he's away  
Nen Uncle Sidney comes to stay  
At our house here—so Ma an' me  
An' Etty an' Lee-Bob won't be  
Afeard ef anything at night  
Might happen—like Ma says it might.  
(Ef *Trip* wuz *big*, I bet you he  
'Uz best watch-dog you ever see!)  
An' so last winter—ist before  
It's go' be Chris'mus-Day,—w'y, shore  
Enough, Pa had to haf to go  
To 'tend a lawsuit—"An' the snow  
Ist right fer Santy Claus!" Pa said,  
As he clumb in old Ayersuz' sled,  
An' said he's sorry *he* can't be  
With us that night—"Cause," he-says-ee,  
"Old Santy *might* be comin' here—  
This very night of all the year  
I got to be away!—so all  
You kids must tell him—ef he call—  
He's mighty welcome, an' yer Pa  
He left his love with you an' Ma  
An' Uncle Sid!" An' clucked, an' leant  
Back, laughin'—an' away they went!  
An' Uncle wave' his hands an' yells  
"Yer old horse ort to have on bells!"  
But Pa yell back an' laugh an' say  
"I 'spect when *Santy* come this way  
It's time enough fer sleighbells nen!"  
An' holler back "Good-by!" again,  
An' reach out with the driver's whip  
An' cut behind an' drive back Trip.

An' so all day it snowed an' snowed!  
An' Lee-Bob he ist watched the road,  
In his high-chair; an' Etty she  
'Ud play with Uncle Sid an' me—  
Like she wuz he'ppin' fetch in wood  
An' keepin' old fire goin' good,  
Where Ma she wuz a-cookin' there  
An' kitchen, too, an' ever'where!  
An' Uncle say, "At's ist the way  
Yer Ma's b'en workin', night an' day,  
Sence she hain't big as Etty is  
Er Lee-Bob in that chair o' his!"  
Nen Ma she'd laugh 't what Uncle said,  
An' smack an' smooove his old bald head  
An' say "Clear out the way till I  
Can keep that pot from b'ilin' dry!"  
Nen Uncle, when she's gone back to  
The kitchen, says, "We *ust* to do  
Some cookin' in the *ashes*.—Say,  
S'posin' we try some, thataway!"  
An' nen he send us to tell Ma  
Send two big 'taters in he saw  
Pa's b'en a-keepin' 'cause they got  
The premium at the Fair. An' what  
You think?—He rake a grea'-big hole  
In the hot ashes, an' he roll  
Them old big 'taters in the place  
An' rake the coals back—an' his face  
Ist swettin' so's he purt'-nigh swear  
'Cause it's so hot! An' when they're there

'Bout time 'at we fergit 'em, he  
Ist rake 'em out again—an' *gee!*—  
He bu'st 'em with his fist wite on  
A' old stove-led, while Etty's gone  
To git the salt, an' butter, too—  
Ist like he said she haf to do,  
No matter what *Ma* say! An' so  
He salt an' butter 'em, an' blow  
'Em cool enough fer us to eat—  
An' *me-o-my!* they're hard to beat!  
An' Trip 'ud ist lay there an' pant  
Like he'd laugh *out loud*, but he can't.  
Nen Uncle fill his pipe—an' we  
'Ud he'p him light it—Sis an' me,—  
But mostly little Lee-Bob, 'cause  
"He's the best *Lighter* ever wuz!"  
Like Uncle telled him wunst when Lee-  
Bob cried an' jerked the light from me,  
He wuz so mad! So Uncle pat  
An' pet him. (Lee-Bob's ust to that—  
'Cause he's the *little*-est, you know,  
An' allus has b'en humored so!)



"Tomorri's go' be Chris'mus-Day"

Nen Uncle gits the flat-arn out,  
An', while he's tellin' us all 'bout  
Old Chris'mus-times when *he's* a kid,  
He ist cracked hickernuts, he did,  
Till they's a crockful, mighty nigh!  
An' when they're all done by an' by,  
He rakes the red coals out again  
An' telled me, "Fetch that popcorn in,  
An' old three-leggud skillut—an'  
The *ted* an' all now, little man,—  
An' yer old Uncle here 'ull show  
You how corn's popped, long years ago  
When me an' Santy Claus wuz boys  
On Pap's old place in Illinois!—  
An' your Pa, too, wuz chums, all through,  
With Santy!—Wisht Pa'd be here, too!"

Nen Uncle sigh at Ma, an' she  
Pat him again, an' say to me  
An' Etty,—*"You take warning fair!—  
Don't talk too much, like Uncle there,  
Ner don't fergit, like him, my dears,  
That 'little pitchers has big ears!"*  
But Uncle say to her, "Clear out!—  
Yer brother knows what he's about.—  
*You* git your Chris'mus-cookin' done  
Er these pore childern won't have none!"  
Nen Trip wake up an' raise, an' nen  
Turn roun' an' nen lay down again.  
An' one time Uncle Sidney say,—  
"When dogs is sleepin' thataway,  
Like Trip, an' *whimpers*, it's a sign  
He'll ketch *eight* rabbits—mayby *nine*—  
Afore his fleas'll wake him—nen  
He'll bite hisse'f to sleep again  
An' *try* to dream he's go' ketch *ten*."  
An' when Ma's gone again back in  
The kitchen, Uncle scratch his chin  
An' say, "When Santy Claus an' Pa  
An' me wuz little boys—an' Ma,  
When she's 'bout big as Etty there;—  
W'y,—*'When we're growed—no matter  
where,*

Santy he cross' his heart an' say,—  
'I'll come to see you, all, some day  
When *you* got childerns—all but me  
An' pore old Sid!" Nen Uncle he  
Ist kindo' shade his eyes an' pour  
'Bout forty-'leven bushels more  
O' popcorn out the skillet there  
In Ma's new basket on the chair.  
An' nen he telled us—an' talk' low,  
"So Ma can't hear," he say:—"You know  
Yer Pa know', when he drived away,  
Tomorri's go' be Chris'mus-Day;—  
Well, nen *tonight*," he whisper, "see?—  
It's go' be Chris'mus-*Eve*," says-ee,  
"An', like yer Pa hint, when he went,  
Old Santy Claus (now hush!) he's sent  
Yer Pa a postul-card, an' write  
He's shorely go' be here tonight. . . .  
That's why yer Pa's so bored to be  
Away tonight, when Santy he  
Is go' be here, sleighbells an' all,  
To make you kids a Chris'mus-call!"

An' we're so glad to know *fer shore*  
He's comin', I roll on the floor—  
An' here come Trip a-waller'n' roun'  
An' purt'-nigh knock the clo'eshorse  
down!—  
An' Etty grab Lee-Bob an' prance  
All roun' the room like it's a dance—  
Till Ma she come an' march us nen  
To dinner, where we're *still* again,  
But *tickled* so we ist can't eat  
But pie, an' ist the hot mincemeat  
With raisins in.—But *Uncle* et,  
An' *Ma*. An' there they set an' set  
Till purt'-nigh supper-time; nen we



Tell him he's got to fix the Tree  
'Fore *Santy* gits here, like he said.  
We go nen to the old woodshed—  
All bundled up, through the deep snow—  
"An' snowin' yet, *jee-rooshy-O!*"  
Uncle he said, an' he'p us wade  
Back where's the Chris'mus-Tree he's made  
Out of a little jackoak-top  
He git down at the sawmill-shop—  
An' Trip 'ud run ahead, you know,  
An' 'tend-like he 'uz eatin' snow—  
When we all waddle bark with it;  
An' Uncle set it up—an' git  
It wite in front the fireplace—  
'cause

He says "'Tain't so 'at *Santy Claus*  
Comes down all chimblies,—least,  
tonight

He's comin' in *this* house all right—  
By the front-door, as ort to be!—  
We'll all be hid where we can see!"  
Nen he look up, an' he see Ma  
An' say, "It's ist too bad their *Pa*  
Can't be here, so's to see the fun  
The childern *will* have, ever' one!"

Well, *we*.—We hardly couldn't wait  
Till it wuz dusk, an' dark an' late  
Enough to light the lamp!—An' Lee-  
Bob light a candle on the Tree—  
"Ist one—'cause I'm 'The Lighter'!"  
—Nen

He clumb on Uncle's knee again  
An' hug us *bofe*;—an' Etty git  
Her little chist an' set on it  
Wite clos't, while Uncle telled some  
more

'Bout *Santy Claus*, an' clo'es he wore  
"All maked o' furs, an' trimmed as white  
As cotton is, or snow at night!"  
An' nen, all sudden-like, he say,—  
"Hush! Listen there! Hain't that a sleigh  
An' sleighbells jinglin'?" Trip go "*whooh!*"  
Like he hear bells an' smell 'em, too.  
Nen we all listen.....An'-sir, shore  
Enough, we hear bells—more an' more  
A-jinglin' clos'ter—clos'ter still  
Down the old crook-road roun' the hill.  
An' Uncle he jumps up, an' all  
The chairs he jerks back by the wall  
An' th'ows a' overcoat an' pair  
O' winder-curians over there  
An' says, "*Hide quick, er you're too late!*—  
Them bells is stoppin' at the gate!—  
Git back o' them-air chairs an' hide,  
'Cause I hear *Santy's* voice outside!"  
An' Bang! bang! bang! we heerd the door—  
Nen it flew open, an' the floor  
Blowed full o' snow—that's *first* we saw,  
Till little Lee-Bob shriek' at Ma  
"There's *Santy Claus!*—I know him by  
His big white mufflash."—an' ist cry  
An' laugh an' squeal an' dance an'  
yell—

Till, when he quiet down a spell,  
Old *Santy* bow an' th'ow a kiss  
To him—an' one to me an' Sis—  
An nen go clos't to Ma an' stoop  
An' kiss her—An' nen give a whoop  
That fainted her!—'Cause when he  
bent

An' kiss her, he ist backed an' went  
Wite 'ginst the Chris'mus-Tree ist where  
The candle's at Lee-Bob lit there!—

An' set his white-fur belt afire—  
An' blaze streaked roun' his waist an'  
higher  
Wite up his old white beard an' th'out!—  
Nen Uncle grabs th' old overcoat  
An' flops it over *Santy's* head,  
An' swing the door wide back an' said,  
"Come out, old man!—an' quick about  
It!—I've ist got to put you out!"



An' blaze streaked roun' his waist an' higher

An' out he sprawled him in the snow—  
"Now roll!" he says—"Hi-roll-ecO!"—  
An' *Santy*, sputter'n "Ouch! Gee-whis!"  
Ist roll an' roll fer all they is!  
An' Trip he's out there, too,—I know,  
'Cause I could hear him yappin' so!—  
And I heerd *Santy*, wunst er twic't,  
Say, as he's rollin', "*Drat the fice!*"  
Nen Uncle come back in, an' shake  
Ma up, an' say, "Fer mercy-sake!—  
He hain't hurt none!" An' nen he said,—  
"You youngsters h'ist up-stairs to bed!—  
Here! kiss yer Ma 'Good-night,' an' me,—  
We'll he'p old *Santy* fix the Tree—  
An' all yer whistles, horns an' drums  
I'll he'p you toot when morning comes!"

It's long while 'fore we go to sleep,—  
'Cause down-stairs, all-time somepin' keep  
A-kindo' scufflin' roun' the floors—  
An' openin' doors, an' shettin' doors—  
An' could hear Trip a-whinin', too,



Shore enough, Pa's nose is froze

Like he don't know ist *what* to do—  
An' tongs a-clankin' down *k'thump!*—  
Nen some one squonkin' the old pump—  
An' *Wooh!* how cold it soun' out there!  
I could ist see the pump-spout where  
It's got ice chin-whiskers all wet  
An' drippy—An' I see it yet!  
An' nen, seem-like, I hear some mens  
A-talkin' out there by the fence,

An' one says, "Oh, 'bout twelve  
o'clock!"

"Nen," 'nother'n says, "Here's to  
you, Doc!"

God bless us ever' one!" An' nen  
I heerd the old pump squonk  
again.

An' nen I say my prayer all  
through

Like Uncle Sidney learn' me to,—  
"O Father mine, e'en as Thine  
own,

This child looks up to Thee alone:  
Asleep or waking, give him still  
His Elder Brother's wish and will."  
An' that's the last I know . . . .

Till Ma

She's callin' us—an' so is *Pa*,—  
He holler "*Chris'mus-gif!*" an'  
say,—

"I'm got back home fer Chris'mus-  
Day!"

An' Uncle Sid's here, too—an' he  
Is nibblin' 'roun' yer Chris-mus-  
Tree!"

Nen Uncle holler, "I suppose  
Yer *Pa's* so proud he's froze his  
nose

He wants to turn it up at us,  
'Cause *Santy* kick' up such a fuss—  
Tetchin' hisse'f off same as ef  
He wuz his own fireworks hisse'f!"

An' when we're down-stairs, — shore  
enough,

*Pa's* nose is froze, an' salve an' stuff  
All on it,—an' one hand's froze, too,  
An' got a old yarn red-and-blue  
Mitt on it—"An' he's froze some more  
Acrost his chist, an' kindo' sore  
All roun' his *dy-fram*," Uncle say,—  
"But *Pa* he'd ort a-seen the way  
*Santy* bear up last night when that-  
Air fire break out, an' quicker'n scat  
He's all a-blazin', an' them-air  
Gun-cotton whiskers that he wear  
Ist flashin'!—till I burn a hole  
In the snow with him, and he roll  
The front-yard dry as Chris'mus jokes  
Old parents plays on little folks!  
But, long's a smell o' tow er wool,

I kep' him rollin' beautiful!—

Till I wuz shore I shorely see

He's squenched! W'y, hadn't b'en  
fer me,

That old man might a-burnt clear  
down

Clean—plum'—level with the groun'!"

Nen Ma say, "There, Sid; that'll do!—

Breakfast is ready—*Chris'mus*, too.—

Your voice 'ud soun' best, sayin'  
*Grace*—

Say it." An' Uncle bow' his face

An' say so long a *Blessing* nen,

Trip bark' two times 'fore it's "A-men!"



# "MISS CIVILIZATION"

## A Comedy in One Act

By

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

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### PEOPLE IN THE PLAY

ALICE GARDNER, daughter of James K. Gardner,  
President of the L. I. & W. Railroad.

"UNCLE" JOSEPH HATCH, alias "Gentleman Joe,"  
POLICEMEN, BRAKEMEN, ENGINEERS.

"BRICK" MEAKIN, alias "Reddy, the Kid,"  
HARRY HAYES, alias "Grand Stand" Harry,  
CAPTAIN LUCAS, Chief of Police.



SCENE—The dining-room in the country house of James K. Gardner on Long Island. In the back wall is a double doorway opening into a hall. A curtain divided in the middle hangs across the entrance. On the wall on either side of the doorway are two electric lights, and to the left is a telephone. Further to the left is a sideboard. On it are set silver salvers, candlesticks, and Christmas presents of silver. They still are in the red flannel bags in which they arrived. In the left wall is a recessed window hung with curtains. Against the right wall is a buffet on which is set a tea caddy, toast rack, and tea kettle. Below the buffet a door opens into the butler's pantry. A dinner table stands well down the stage with a chair at each end and on either side. Two chairs are set against the back wall to the right of the door. The walls and windows are decorated with holly and mistletoe and Christmas wreaths tied with bows of scarlet ribbon. When the window is opened there is a view of falling snow. At first the room is in complete darkness.

The time is the day after Christmas, near midnight.

After the curtain rises one hears the noise of a file scraping on iron. It comes apparently from outside the house at a point distant from the dining-room. The filing is repeated cautiously, with a wait between each stroke, as though the person using the file had paused to listen.

ALICE GARDNER enters at centre, carrying lighted candle in a silver candlestick. She wears a dressing gown, with swan's-down around her throat and at the edges of her sleeves. Her feet are in bedroom slippers topped with fur. Her hair hangs down in a braid. After listening intently to the sound of the file, she places candle on sideboard and goes to telephone. She speaks in a whisper.

ALICE. Hello, Central. Hello, Central. (Impatiently.) Wake up! Wake up! Is that you, Central? Give me the station agent at Bedford Junction—quick. What? I can't speak louder. Well, you must hear me. Give me the station agent at Bedford Junction. No, there's always a man there all night. Hurry, please, hurry. (There is a pause, during which the sound of the file grows louder. ALICE listens apprehensively.) Hello, are you the station agent? Good! Listen! I am Miss Gardner, James K. Gardner's daughter. Yes, the president, James K. Gardner, the president of the road. This is his house. My mother and I are here alone. There are three men trying to break in. Yes, burglars, of course. My mother is very ill. If they frighten her the shock might—might be very serious. Wake up the crew, and send the wrecking train here—at once. Send—the-crew-of-the-wrecking train here—quick. What? Then fire up an engine and get it here as fast as you can.

VOICE (calling from second story). Alice! ALICE (at phone). Yes, you have. The up-track's clear until "52" comes along. That's not until—

VOICE (louder). Alice!

ALICE (with dismay). Mother! (At telephone.) Hello, hold the wire. Wait! Don't go away! (Runs to curtains, parts them, and looks up as though speaking to some one at top of stairs.) Mother, why aren't you in bed?

VOICE. Is anything wrong, Alice? ALICE. No, dear, no. I just came down to—get a book I forgot. Please go back, dearest; you know you shouldn't be up.

VOICE. I heard you moving about. I thought you might be ill.

ALICE. No, dearest, but you'll be very ill if you don't keep in bed. You know the doctor

at the foot of our lawn. And when you have the house surrounded, when the men are all around the house, blow three whistles so I'll know you're here. What? Oh, that's all right. The burglars will be here. I'll see to that. All you have to do is to get here. If you don't, you'll lose your job! I say, if you don't, you'll lose your job, or I'm not the daughter of the president of this road. Now, you jump! And—wait—hello— (Turns from telephone.) He's jumped.

(The file is now drawn harshly across the bolt of the window of the dining-room, and a piece of wood snaps. With an exclamation, ALICE blows out the candle and exits. The shutters of the windows are opened, admitting the faint glow of moonlight. The window is raised and the ray of a dark lantern is swept about the room. HATCH appears at window and puts one leg inside. He is an elderly man wearing a mask which hides the upper half of his face, a heavy overcoat and a derby hat. But for the mask he might be mistaken for a respectable man of business. A pane of glass falls from the window and breaks on the sill.)

HATCH (speaking over his shoulder). Hush! Be careful, can't you. (He enters. He is followed by "GRAND STAND" HARRY, a younger man of sporting appearance. He also wears a mask, and the brim of his gray Alpine hat is pulled over his eyes. Around his throat he wears a heavy silk muffler.) It's all right. Come on. Hurry up, and close those shutters.

HARRY (to REDDY outside). Give me the bag, Reddy. (REDDY appears at window. He is dressed like a Bowery tough. His face is blackened with burnt cork. His hair is of a brilliant red. He wears an engineer's silk cap with visor. To HARRY he passes a half-filled canvas bag. On his shoulder he carries another. On entering he slips and falls forward on the floor.)

HATCH. Confound you! HARRY. Hush, you fool. HATCH. Has he broken anything? REDDY (on floor, rubbing his head). I've broke my head.

HATCH. That's no loss. Has he smashed that silver?

HARRY (feeling in bag). It feels all right. (HATCH cautiously parts curtains at centre and exits into hall.)

REDDY (lifts bag). We got enough stuff in this bag already without wasting time on another house.

HARRY. Wasting time! Time's money in this house. Look at this silver. That's the beauty of working the night after Christmas; everybody's presents is lying about loose, and everybody's too tired celebrating to keep awake. (Lifts silver loving cup.) Look at that cup!

REDDY. I'd rather look at a cup of coffee.

HARRY (contemptuously). Ah, you! REDDY. Well, I can't make a meal out of silver ice pitchers, can I? I've been through three refrigerators to-night, and nothing in any of 'em but bottles of milk! Milk!

HARRY. Get up, get up, get to work.

REDDY. The folks in this town are the stingiest I ever see. I won't visit 'em again,



"Mother, why aren't you in bed?"

told you to. Please, mother—at once. It's all right, it's all right.

VOICE. Yes, dear. Good-night.

ALICE. Good-night, mother. (Returns quickly to telephone.) Hello! Hello! Stop the engine at the foot of our lawn. Yes, yes,





Hatch appears at the window

no matter how often they ask me. (*Rising and crossing to buffet.*) I wonder if these folks is vegetarians, too. (*Hatch enters.*)

HATCH. It seems all right. There's no light, and everybody's quiet. (*To HARRY.*) You work the bedrooms. I'll clear away those things. Don't be rough, now.

HARRY. I know my business. Give me the light. (*Takes lantern and exits centre.*)

HATCH. Hist, Reddy. Reddy, leave that alone. That's not a safe. (*Removes silver from sideboard to bag.*)

REDDY. I know it ain't, governor. I'm lookin' for somethin' to eat. (*He kneels in front of buffet, and opens door.*)

HATCH. No, you're not! You're not here to eat. Come and give me a hand with this stuff.

REDDY. Gee! I've found a bottle of whiskey. (*Takes bottle from buffet and begins to pull at the cork.*)

HATCH. Well, you put it right back where you found it.

REDDY. I know a better place than that to put it.

HATCH. How many times have I told you I'll not let you drink in business hours?

REDDY. Oh, just once, governor; it's a cruel, cold night. (*Coughs.*) I need it for medicine.

HATCH. No, I tell you!

REDDY. Just one dose. Here's to you. (*Drinks.*) Oh, Lord! (*He sputters and coughs violently.*)

HATCH (*starts toward him*). Hush! Stop that, you fool.

REDDY. Oh, I'm poisoned! That's benzine, governor. What do you think of that? Benzine! It's burned me throat out.

HATCH. I wish it had burned your tongue out! Can't you keep still?

REDDY. Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! Think of a man puttin' benzine in a whiskey bottle! That's dishonest, that is. That's cheating the revenue officers. Using a revenue stamp twice is defraudin' the Government. I could have him arrested for that. (*Pause.*) If I wanted to. (*Pause.*) But I don't want to. It's lucky for him I don't want to.

HATCH. Oh, quit that—and come here. Get out the window, and I'll hand the bag to you. Put it under the seat of the wagon, and cover it up with the lap robe. (*REDDY steps to centre door and, parting the curtains, leans into the hall beyond, listening.*)

REDDY. Go slow. I ain't going to leave here till Harry is safe on the ground floor again.

HATCH. Don't you worry about Harry. He won't get into trouble.

REDDY. Sure he won't. It's me and you he'll get into trouble. You hadn't ought to send him to do second-story work.

HATCH. No?

REDDY. No; he's too tender-hearted. A second-story worker ought to use his gun.

HATCH. Oh, you! You'll fire your gun too often some day.

REDDY. No, I won't. I did once, but I didn't do it again for six years. But Harry—ah, he's too tender-hearted. If Harry was a chicken thief, before he'd wring a chicken's neck he'd give it laughing gas. Why, you remember the lady that woke up and begged him to give her back a gold watch because it belonged to her little girl who was dead. Well—it turned out the little girl wasn't dead. It turned out the little girl was a big boy, alive and kicking—especially kicking. He kicked me into a rose-bush.

HATCH. That'll do. Harry's learning his trade. He'll pick it up in time.

REDDY. About time he picked up something. Remember the Gainesville Bank; where he went away leaving ten thousand dollars in the back of the safe. Why didn't he pick that up?

HATCH. Because it wasn't there. Bank directors always say that—to make us feel bad. Hush! (*HARRY enters, carrying his silk muffler, which now is wrapped about a collection of jewels and watches.*)

HATCH. That's quick work. What did you get?

HARRY. Some neck-strings, and rings, and two watches. (*He spreads the muffler on the table. The three men examine the jewelry.*)

HATCH. That looks good. Who's up there? HARRY. Only an old lady and a young girl in the room over this. And she's a beauty, too. (*Sentimentally.*) Sleeping there just as sweet and peaceful—

REDDY. Ah, why don't you give her back her watch? Maybe she's another dead daughter.

HATCH. That's all right, Harry. That's good stuff. Pick up that bag, Reddy. We can go now. (*HARRY places muffler and jewels in an inside coat pocket. REDDY takes up the dark lantern.*)

REDDY. Go? Not till I've got something to eat.

HATCH. No, you don't. You can wait till later for something to eat.

REDDY. Yes, I can wait till later for something to eat, but I can wait better if I eat now. (*Exit into pantry.*)

HATCH. Confound him. If I knew the roads around here as well as he does, I'd drive off and leave him. That appetite of his will send us to jail some day.

HARRY. Well, to tell the truth, governor, a little supper wouldn't hurt my feelings. (*Goes to buffet.*) I wonder where old man Gardner keeps his Havanas? I'd like a Christmas present of a box of cigars. Are there any over here?

HATCH. I didn't look. I gave up robbing tills when I was quite a boy. (*Carries bag toward window and looks out.*)

HARRY. Oh, go easy, governor. It's been a hard night. We've made a good haul. Let's celebrate. (*Takes box of cigars from buffet.*) Ah, here they are. (*With disgust.*) Domestics! What do you think of that? Made in Vermont. The "Admiral Dewey" cigar. Gee! What was the use of Dewey's taking Manila, if I've got to smoke Vermont cigars? (*REDDY enters, carrying tray with food and a bottle.*)

REDDY. Say, fellers, look at this layout. These is real people in this house. I found cold birds, and ham, and all kinds of pie, and real wine. (*Places tray on right end of table.*) Sit down, draw up your chairs, and make yourselves perfectly at home.

HARRY. Well, well, that does look good. (*Places box of cigars at upper end of table, and seats himself.*) Better have a bite, governor.

HATCH. No, I tell you. (*He sits angrily in chair at left end of table, with his face turned toward the curtains.*)

REDDY. Oh, come on. It

don't cost you nothing. (*The light from the candle is seen approaching the curtains.*)

HATCH. Hush! Look there! (*He rises, lifting his chair above his head, and advances on tiptoe to right of curtains, where he stands with the chair raised as though to strike. HARRY points revolver at curtains. REDDY shifts the lantern to his left hand and, standing close to HARRY, also points a revolver. ALICE appears between curtains. She is dressed as before, and in her left hand carries the candle, while the forefinger of her right hand is held warningly to her lips.*)

ALICE (*whispering*). Hush! Don't make a noise. Don't make a noise, please. (*There is a long pause.*)

REDDY. Well, I'll be hung!

ALICE (*to REDDY*). Please don't make a noise.

HATCH (*in a threatening whisper*). Don't you make a noise.

ALICE. I don't mean to. My mother is asleep upstairs and she is very ill. And I don't want to wake her—and I don't want you to wake her, either.

REDDY. Well, I'll be hung!

HATCH (*angrily*). Who else is in this house?

ALICE. No one but mother and the maid-servants, and they're asleep. You woke me, and I hoped you'd go without disturbing mother. But when you started in making a night of it, I decided I'd better come down and ask you to be as quiet as possible. My mother is not at all well. (*Takes cigar box off table.*)

Excuse me; you've got the wrong cigars. Those are the cigars father keeps for his friends. Those he smokes he hides over here. (*Places box on buffet and takes out a larger box, with partitions for cigars, matches, and cigarettes. As she moves about, REDDY keeps her well in the light of the lantern.*) Try those. They say they're quite good. I'm afraid you've a very poor supper. When father is away, we have such a small family. I can't see what you've— Would you mind taking that light out of my eyes, and pointing it at that tray?

HATCH (*sharply*). Don't you do it. Keep the gun on her.

ALICE. Oh, I don't mind his pointing the gun at me, so long as he does not point that light at me. It's most—embarrassing. (*Sternly.*) Turn it down there, please. (*REDDY lets light fall on tray.*) Why, that's cooking sherry you've got. You can't drink that! Let me get you some whiskey.



"Don't make a noise, please!"



HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS: TELLING THEM

DRAWN BY A.





THEM HOW THE FOOTBALL GAME WAS WON

WN BY A. B. FROST

PRINT IN BINDING

REDDY (covering her with lantern). No, you don't. That's not whiskey. It's benzine.

ALICE. You don't mean to say that that benzine bottle is there still? I told Jane to take it away.

REDDY (dryly). Well, Jane didn't do it.

ALICE. Now, isn't that just like Jane? I told her it might set fire to the house and burn us alive.

REDDY. It nearly burned me alive.

ALICE. I'm so sorry. (Takes from buffet a tray holding whiskey bottle, siphon, and three glasses.) Here, this is what you want. Father imports this. Perhaps you don't like Scotch.

HATCH. Don't you touch that, Reddy. (Returns to chair at left of table.)

REDDY. Why not?

ALICE. Yes; why not? It's not poison. There's nothing wrong with this bottle. If you're afraid, I'll prove it to you. (Pours out a little whiskey, and raises glass.) Just to show you there's not a trace of hard feelings. (Drinks and coughs violently.)

REDDY (sympathetically). She's got the benzine bottle, too.

ALICE. No. I'm not quite used to that. (To HARRY.) Excuse me, but aren't you getting tired holding that big pistol? Don't you think you might put it down now, and help me serve this supper? (HARRY does not move.) No? Well, then, let the colored gentleman help me. (HARRY and REDDY wheel sharply, each pointing his revolver.)

REDDY. Colored man! Where?

HARRY. Colored man! It's a trap! (Seeing no one, they turn.)

ALICE (to REDDY). Oh, pardon me. Aren't you a—colored person?

REDDY. Me! Colored? You never see a colored man with hair like that, did you. (Points lantern at his head.) This isn't my real face, lady. Why, out of office hours, I've a complexion like cream and roses. (Indignantly.) Colored man!

ALICE. I beg your pardon, but I can't see very well. Don't you think it would be more cheerful if we had a little more light?

HATCH. No! (To REDDY.) Drop that. We've got to go. (To ALICE.) And before we go, I've got to fix you.

ALICE. Fix me—how "fix" me?

HATCH. I'm sorry, miss, but it's your own fault. You shouldn't have tried to see us. Now that you have, before we leave, I've got to tie you to a chair—and gag you.

ALICE. Oh, really—all of that?

HATCH. I can't have you raising the neighborhood until we get well away.

ALICE. I see. But—gagged—I'll look so foolish.

REDDY. Well, there's no hurry. We won't get well away until I've had something to eat.

ALICE. Quite right. (To HATCH.) You can tie me in a chair later, Mr. —. But now you must remember that I am your hostess. (To REDDY.) You'll find plates in the pantry, please.

REDDY. Oh, I don't use them things.

ALICE. You'll use "them things" when you eat with me. Go, do as I tell you, please. (REDDY exits.) And you—put away that silly gun and help him.

HATCH. Stay where you are.

HARRY. Oh, what's the rush, governor? She can't hurt nobody. And I'm near starved, too. (Exit into pantry.)

HATCH. This is the last time I take you out.

ALICE (arranging the food around the table). Now, why are you so peevish to everybody? Why don't you be sociable, and take some supper? (Glances at sideboard.) You seem to have taken everything else. Oh, that reminds me. Would you object to loaning me about—four, six—about six of our knives and forks? Just for this supper. I suppose we can borrow from the neighbors for breakfast. Unless you've been calling on the neighbors, too.

HATCH. Oh, anything to oblige a lady. (Threateningly.) But no tricks, now!

ALICE. Oh, I can't promise that, because I mightn't be able to keep my promise. (HATCH brings silver knives and forks from the bag.)

HATCH. I'll risk all the tricks you know. Nobody's got much the better of me in the last twenty years.

ALICE. Have you been a burglar twenty years? You must have begun very young. I can't see your face very well, but I shouldn't say you were—over forty. Do take that mask off. It looks so—unsociable. Don't be afraid of me. I've a perfectly shocking memory for faces. Now, I'm sure that under that unbecoming and terrifying exterior you are hiding a kind and fatherly countenance. Am I right? (Laughs.) Why do you wear it?

HATCH (roughly). To keep my face warm.

ALICE. Oh, pardon me; my mistake. (A locomotive whistle is heard at a distance. ALICE listens eagerly. As the whistle dies away and is not repeated, her face shows her disappointment.)



"Why, that's cooking sherry you've got!"

HATCH. What was that? There's no trains this time of night.

ALICE (speaking partly to herself.) It was a freight train, going the other way.

HATCH (suspiciously). The other way? The other way from where?

ALICE. From where it started. Do you know, I've always wanted to meet a burglar. But it's so difficult. They go out so seldom.

HATCH. Yes; and they arrive so late.

ALICE (laughing). Now, that's much better. It's so nice of you to have a sense of humor. While you're there, just close those blinds, please, so that the neighbors can't see what scandalous hours we keep. And then you can make a light. This is much too gloomy for a supper party.

HATCH (closing shutters). Yes; if those were shut it might be safer. (He closes shutters and turns on the two electric lights. REDDY and HARRY enter, carrying plates.)

HARRY. We aren't regular waiters, miss, but we think we're pretty good for amateurs.

REDDY. We haven't forgot nothing. Not even napkins. Have some napkins? (Places pile of folded napkins in front of ALICE. Then sits to right of table, HARRY to lower side of table. HATCH returns to chair at left of ALICE, and leans with his arms upon its back.)

ALICE. Thanks. Put the plates down there. And may I help you to some—

REDDY (taking food in fingers). Oh, we'll help ourselves.

ALICE. Of course, you're accustomed to helping yourselves, aren't you? (To HATCH.) Won't you join them?

HATCH. No. (Through the scene which follows, REDDY and HARRY continue to eat and drink heartily.)

ALICE. No? Well, then, while they're having supper, you and I will talk. If you're going to gag me soon, I want to talk while I can. (Pushes box toward him.) Have a cigar?

HATCH (takes cigar). Thanks.

ALICE. Now, I want to ask you some questions. You are an intelligent man. Of course, you must be, or you couldn't have kept out of jail for twenty years. To get on in your business, a man must be intelligent, and he must have nerve, and courage. Now—with those qualities, why, may I ask—why are you so stupid as to be a burglar?

HARRY. Stupid!

REDDY. Well, I like that!

HATCH. Stupid? Why, I make a living at it.

ALICE. How much of a living?

HATCH. Ten thousand a year.

ALICE. Ten thousand—well, suppose you made fifty thousand. What good is even a hundred thousand for one year, if to get it you risk going to prison for twenty years? That's not sensible. Merely as a business proposition, to take the risk you do for ten thousand dollars is stupid, isn't it? I can understand a man's risking twenty years of his life for some things—a man like Peary or Dewey, or Santos-Dumont. They took big risks for big prizes. But there's thousands of men in this country, not half as clever as you are, earning ten thousand a year—without any risk of going to jail. None of them is afraid to go out in public with his wife and children. They're not afraid to ask a policeman what time it is. They don't have to wear black masks, nor ruin their beautiful complexions with burnt cork.

REDDY. Ah, go on. Who'd give me a job?

ALICE. Who did you ever ask for one?

REDDY. Pass me some more of that pie like mother used to make.

HATCH. Yes; there are clerks and shopkeepers working behind a counter twenty-four hours a day, but they don't make ten thousand a year, and no one ever hears of them. There's no fame in their job.

ALICE. Fame! Oh, how interesting. Are you—a celebrity?

HATCH. I'm quite as well known as I care to be. Now, to-morrow, all the papers will be talking about this. There'll be columns about us three. No one will know we are the ones they're talking about—

REDDY. I hope not.

HATCH. But the men in our profession will know. And they'll say, "That was a neat job of so-and-so's last night." That's fame. Why, we've got a reputation from one end of this country to the other.

HARRY. That's right! There's some of us just as well known as—Mister—Santos—Dumont.

REDDY. And we fly just as high, too.

ALICE (to HATCH). I suppose you—I suppose you're quite a famous burglar?

REDDY. Him? Why, he's as well known as Billy the Kid.

ALICE. Billy the Kid, really! He sounds so attractive. But I'm afraid—I don't think—that I ever heard of him.

REDDY. Never heard of Billy the Kid? What do you think of that?

HATCH. Well, then, I'm as well known as "Brace" Phillips, the Manhattan Bank robber.

REDDY. Sure he is.

HATCH. Don't tell me you never heard of him?

ALICE. I'm afraid not.

HATCH. Why, he's a head liner. He's as well known as George Post. Coppy Farrell? Billy Porter?

ALICE. No. There you are. Now, you claim there is fame in this profession, and you have named five men who are at the top of it, and I've never heard of one of them. And I read the papers, too.

REDDY. Well, there's other ladies who have heard of us. Real ladies. When I was doing



my last bit in jail, I got a thousand letters from ladies asking for me photograph, and offering to marry me.

ALICE. Really? Well, that only proves that men—as husbands—are more desirable in jail than out. (To HATCH.) No; it's a poor life.

HATCH. It's a poor life you people lead with us to worry you. There's seventy millions of you in the United States, and only a few of us, and yet we keep you guessing all the year round. Why, we're the last thing you think of at night when you lock the doors, we're the first thing you think of in the morning when you feel for the silver basket. We're just a few up against seventy millions. I tell you there's fame and big money and a free life in my business.

ALICE. Yes; it's a free life until you go to jail. It's this way. You're barbarians, and there's no place for you in a civilized community—except in jail. Everybody is working against you. Every city has its police force; almost every house nowadays has a private watchman. And if we want to raise a hue and cry after you, there are the newspapers, and the telegraph, and the telephone (nods at telephone) and the cables all over the—

HATCH (grimly). Thank you. One moment, please. (Throws open overcoat, showing that it is lined with burglars' jimmies, chisels, and augers.)

ALICE. My! What an interesting coat. It looks like a tool chest. Just the coat for an automobile trip.

HATCH. Harry, cut those telephone wires. (Hands barbed-wire-cutter to HARRY. To ALICE.) Thank you for reminding me.

ALICE. Oh, not at all. You've nothing to thank me for. (HARRY goes to telephone. To HARRY.) Don't make a noise doing that. Don't wake my mother. (To HATCH.) She's nervous, and she's ill, and if you wake her, or frighten her, I'll keep the police after you until every one of you is in jail.

HATCH. You won't keep after us very far when I've tied you up. Bring me those curtain cords, Harry.

ALICE. Oh, really, that's too ridiculous. (Listens apprehensively.)

HATCH. Sorry I had to bust up your still alarm, but after we go, we can't have you chatting with the police. If you hadn't so kindly given me a tip about the telephone, I might have gone off and clean forgot that. (HARRY takes curtain cords from window curtains.)

REDDY. I'm afraid pretty Polly talked too much that time. We ain't all stupid.

ALICE. No; so I see, so I see. It was careless of me. But everybody you call upon may not be so careless.

HATCH. Well, I've won out for twenty years. I've never been in jail.

ALICE. Don't worry. You're young. I told you you looked young. Your time is coming. In these days there's no room for burglars. You belong to the days of stage coaches. You're old-fashioned now. You're trying to fight civilization, that's what you're trying to do. You may keep ahead for a time, but in a long race I'll back civilization to win. There's too many ways of earning money honestly for civilization to tolerate men who live by robbing other men.

HATCH. Is that so? Well, Miss Civilization, you've had your say, and I hope you feel better. (To HARRY.) Give me that silk muffler of yours. (To ALICE.) If civilization is going to help you, it's got to hurry.

ALICE. You don't mean to say you really are going to gag me?

HATCH. I am.

ALICE. My! But I will look silly. (With her face turned right she listens apprehensively.)

HARRY (coming down with curtain cords, and taking muffler from his pocket). I've got the stuff in this muffler.

HATCH. Well, give me that, too. (Shows inside coat pocket.) I'll put it in the safe. (HARRY places muffler on table, exposing jewelry. (HATCH begins placing the ornaments one at a time in his

pocket. To ALICE.) What is it? What did you hear?

ALICE. I—I thought I heard my mother moving about.

HATCH. Well, she'd better not move about.

ALICE (harcely). You'd better not wake her. (Sees the jewels.) Oh! Look at the "graft," or is it "swag"? Which is it?

HATCH (to HARRY). Cover 'em up; cover it up. (HARRY tries to hide the jewels with one hand, while he passes a lady's watch to HATCH.)

HARRY (to ALICE). That's your watch. I'm sorry it has to go.

ALICE. I'm not. It's the first time it ever did go. And, oh, thank you for taking that big brooch. It's a gift of father's, so I had to wear it, but it's so unbecoming. (She listens covertly.)

HATCH. Put your hat on them. Cover them up. (HARRY partly covers jewels with his hat. HATCH lifts a diamond necklace.)

ALICE. I suppose you know your own business—but that is paste.

HATCH. Do you want to be gagged now?

ALICE. Pardon me, of course you know what you want. (Notices another necklace.) Oh,



"How dared you take that!"

that's Mrs. Warren's necklace! So you called on her, too, did you? Isn't she attractive!

REDDY. We didn't ask for the lady of the house. They ain't always as sociable as you are.

ALICE. Well, that's her necklace. You got that at the house on the hill with the red roof—the house has the red roof, not the hill. (She recognizes, with an exclamation, a gold locket and chain which HATCH is about to place in his pocket.) Oh! that's Mrs. Lowell's locket! How could you! (She snatches locket from HATCH, and clasps it in both hands. She rises indignantly.) How dared you take that!

HATCH. Put that down!

ALICE (wildly). No; I will not. Do you know what that means to that woman? She cares more for that than for anything in this world. Her husband used to wear this. (Points.) That's a lock of their child's hair. The child's dead, and the husband's dead, and that's all she has left of either of them. And you took it, you brutes!

REDDY. Of course we took it. Why does she wear it where everybody can see it?

HATCH (savagely). Keep quiet, you fool.

ALICE. She wore it? You took it—from her?

HATCH. We didn't hurt her. We only frightened her a bit. (Angrily.) And we'll frighten you before we're done with you, Miss Civilization!

ALICE (defiantly, her voice rising). Frighten me! You—you with your faces covered! You're not men enough. You're afraid to even steal from men. You rob women when they're alone—at night. (Holds up locket.) Try to take that from me!

VOICE (calling). Alice—Alice!

ALICE. Mother! Oh, I forgot, I forgot. (The burglars rise and move toward her menacingly.) Please, please keep quiet. For God's sake, don't—let—her—know!

VOICE. Alice, what's wrong? Who are you talking to? (ALICE runs to the curtains, with one hand held out to the burglars, entreating silence.)

ALICE. I'm—I'm talking to James, the coachman. One of the horses is ill. Don't come down, mother. Don't come down. Go back to bed. He's going now, right away. He came for some medicine. It's all right. Good-night, mother.

VOICE. Can't I help?

ALICE (vehemently). No; no. Good-night, mother.

VOICE. Good-night.

HATCH (harcely, to HARRY). That's enough of this! We can't leave here with the whole house awake. And there's a coachman, too. She'll wake him next. He'll have the whole damned village after us. (To ALICE.) That woman upstairs and you have got to have your tongues stopped.

ALICE (standing in front of curtains). You try to go near that woman. She's sick, she's feeble, she's my—mother! You dare to touch her.

HATCH. Get out of my way.

ALICE. I tell you she's ill, you cowards. It will kill her, it will kill her. You'll have to kill me before you get through this door.

HATCH (savagely). Well, then, if it comes to that— (Three locomotive whistles are heard from just outside the house. ALICE throws up her hands hysterically.)

ALICE. Ah! At last, at last! They've come. They've come!

HATCH (harcely). They've come! What is it? What does that mean? (REDDY runs to window and opens the shutters.)

ALICE (jubilantly). It means—it means that twenty men are crossing that lawn. It means that while you sat drinking there, Civilization was racing toward you at seventy miles an hour!

HATCH. Damnation! We're trapped. Get to the wagon—quick! No. Leave the girl alone. We've no time for that. Drop that stuff. That way. That way.

REDDY (at window). No. Get back! Get back! It's too late. There's hundreds of them out there.

HATCH (running to centre door). Out here! This way! Quick!

ALICE (mockingly). Yes; come! You don't dare come this way now! (She drags open the curtains, disclosing CAPTAIN LUCAS and two other policemen. For an instant they stand, covering the burglars with revolvers. REDDY runs to window. He is seized by an entering crowd of men in the oil-stained blue jeans of engineers and brakemen.)

CAPT. LUCAS. Hold up your hands, all of you! I guess I know you. (With his left hand he tears off HATCH's mask.) "Joe" Hatch—at last. (Pulls off HARRY's mask.) And Harry Hayes. I thought so. And that's—the "Kid." The whole gang. (To the police.) Good work, boys. (To ALICE.) My congratulations, Miss Gardner. They're the worst lot in the country. You're a brave young lady. You ought—

ALICE (speaking with an effort and swaying slightly). Hush, please. Don't—don't alarm my mother. Mother's not as strong as—as I am. (Her eyes close, and she faints across the arm of the Chief of Police as the

CURTAIN FALLS.





## SIMPLE FOLK : By F. Hopkinson Smith

ANECDOTES OF MEN AND DEEDS AT NAUKASHON LIFE-SAVING STATION

ILLUSTRATED BY W. GRANVILLE SM TH

**A** LONG reach of coast country, white and smooth, broken by undulating fences smothered in snow-drifts—only their stakes and bushtops showing; further away horizontal markings of black pines; still further away, a line of ragged dunes bearded with yellow grass bordering a beach flecked with scurries of foam—mouthings of a surf twisting as if in pain. Beyond this a wide sea, greenish-gray, gray, and gray-blue, slashed here and there with whitecaps pricked by wind rapiers. Beyond this again, out into space, a leaden sky flat as paint and as monotonous.

Nearer by—so close that I could see their movements from the car window—spatterings of crows, and higher up circling specks of gulls glinting or darkening as their breasts or backs caught the light. These crows and gulls were the only things alive in the wintry waste.

Yes, one thing more. Two, in fact; as I came nearer the depot: a horse tethered to the section of the undulating fence—a rough-coated, wind-blown, shakily beast; the kind the great Schreyer always painted shivering with cold outside a stable door (and in the snow, too)—and a man. Please remember, A MAN! And please continue to remember it to the end of this story.

Thirty-one years in the Service he—this Keeper of the Naukashon Life-Saving Station—twenty-five at this same post. Six feet and an inch, tough as a sapling and as straight; long-armed, long-legged, broad-shouldered, and big-boned; face brown and tanned as skirt leather; eye like a hawk's; mouth but a healed scar—so firm was it; low-voiced, silent, simple-minded, and genuine.

If you ask him what he has done in all these thirty-one years of service, he will tell you: "Oh, I kind o' forget; the Superintendent gets reports. You see, some months we're not busy, and then ag'in we ain't had no wrecks for a considerable time."

If you should happen to look in his locker, 'way back out of sight, you would perhaps find a small paper box, and in it a gold medal—the highest his Government can give him—inscribed with his name and a record of some particular act of heroism. When he is confronted with the telltale evidence, he will say: "Oh, yes—they *did* give me that. I'm keepin' it for my gran'son."

If you, failing to corkscrew any of the details out of him, should examine the Department's reports, you will find out all he "forgets." Among them the fact that in his thirty-one years of service he and the crew under him have saved the lives of one hundred and thirty-one men and women out of a possible of one hundred and thirty-two. He explains the loss of this unlucky man by saying apologetically, that "the fellow got dizzy somehow and locked himself in the cabin, and we didn't know he was there until she broke up and he got washed ashore."

This then was the man who, when I arrived at the railroad station, held out a hand in hearty welcome, his own closing over mine with the grip of a cant-hook.

"Well, by Jiminy! Superintendent said you was comin', but I kind o' thought you wouldn't till the weather cleared. Gimme yer bag—Yes. The boys are all well and will be glad to see ye! Colder than blue blazes, ain't it? Snow ain't over yet. Well—well—kind o' natural to see ye!"

The bag was passed up; the Captain caught the lines in his crab-like fingers, and the bunch of wind-blown fur, gathering its stiffened legs together, wheeled sharply to the left and started in to make

pencil-markings in double lines over the white snow seaward, on his way to the Naukashon Life-Saving Station.

The perspective shortened: First the smooth, unbroken stretch; then the belt of pines; then a flat marsh diked by dunes; then a cluster of black dots, big and little—the big one being the Station House and the smaller ones its outbuildings and fishermen's shanties—and then the hard, straight line of the pitiless sea.

I knew the "boys." I had known some of them for years: ever since I picked up one of their stations—its site endangered by the scour of the tide—ran it on skids a mile over the sand to the land side of the Inlet without moving the crew or their comforts (even their wet socks were left drying on a string by the kitchen stove); shoved it aboard two scows timbered together, started out to sea under the guidance of a light-draught tug in search of its new location three miles away, and then, with the assistance of a suddenly developed northeast gale, backed up by my own colossal engineering skill, dropped the whole concern, skids, house, kitchen stove, socks, and all, into the sea. When the surf dogs were through with its carcass the beach was strewn with its bones picked clean by their teeth. Only the weathercock which had decorated its cupola was left. This had floated off and was found perched on top of a

smell of the cooking—Dave Austin's clam chowder! I could pick it out anywhere, even among the perfumes of a Stamboul kitchen—and hence, too, the hearty handgrasp from the big, brawny men around the stove.

"Well! Kind o' summer weather you picked out! Here—take this chair— Gimme yer coat— Git them legs o' yourn in, Johnny. He's a new man—John Partridge—guess you ain't met him afore. Where's Captain Shortrode gone? Oh, yes!—puttin' up old Moth-eaten! Ain't nothin' he thinks as much of as that old horse. Oughter pack her in camphor. Well—how's things in New York? Nelse, put on another shovel of coal— Yes, colder'n Christmas! . . . Nothin' but nor'east wind since the moon changed. . . . Chowder! Yes, yer dead right; Dave's cookin' this week and he said this mornin' he'd have a mess for ye."

A stamping of feet outside and two bifurcated walrus, four hours on patrol as far as the Inlet (three miles there and back), pushed in the door. Muffled in oilskins these, rubber-booted to their hips, the snow-line marking their waists where they had plunged through the drifts; their sou'westers tied under their chins, shading beards white with frost and faces raw with the slash of the beach wind.

More handshakes now, and a stripping of wet outeralls, a washup and a hair-smooth, a shout of "Dinner!" from the capacious lungs of David the cook; a silent, reverential grace, with every head bowed (these are the things that surprise you until you know these men) and with one accord attack is made upon Dave's chowder and his cornbread and his fried ham and his— Well, the air was keen and bracing, and the salt of the sea a permeating tonic, and the smell!— Ah, David! I wish you'd give up your job and live with me, and bring your saucepan and your griddle and your broiler and—my appetite!

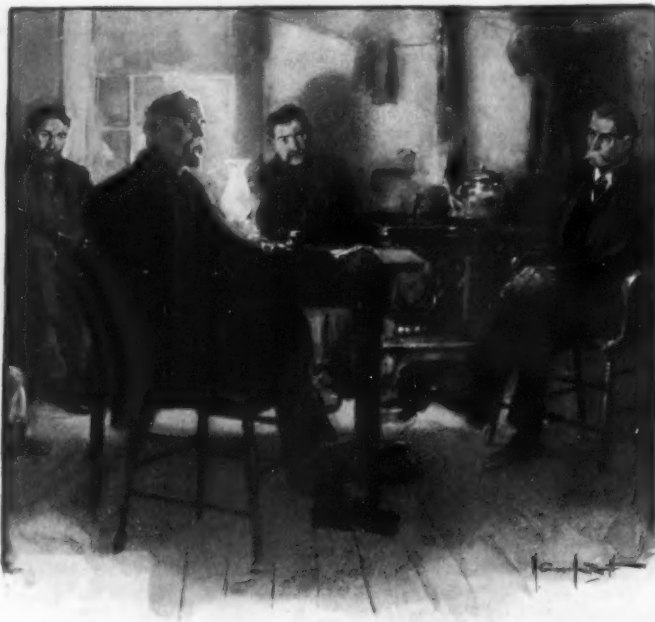
The next night the Captain was seated at the table working over his monthly report, the kerosene lamp lighting up his bronze face and falling upon his open book. There is nothing a Keeper hates to do so much as making out monthly reports—his hard, horny hand is shaped to grasp an oar, not a pen. Four other men were asleep upstairs in their bunks, waiting their turns to be called for patrol. Two were breasting a northeast gale howling along the coast, their Coston signals tightly buttoned under their oilskins.

Tom Van Brunt and I—Tom knew all about the little kitchen stove and the socks—were tilted back against the wall in our chairs. The slop and rattle of Dave's dishes came in through the open door leading to the kitchen. Outside could be heard the roar and hammer of the surf and the shriek of the baffled wind trying to burglarize the house by way of the eaves and the shutters.

The talk had drifted into life at the Station; the dreariness of waiting for something to come ashore (in a disappointed tone from Tom, as if he and his fellow surfmen had not had their share of wrecks this winter). Of the luck of

Number 16, in charge of Captain Elleck and his crew, who had got seven men and a woman out of an English bark last week without wetting the soles of their feet.

"Fust shot went for'd of her chain plates," Tom explained, "and then they made fast and come off in the breeches-buoy. Warn't an hour after she struck 'fore they had the hull of 'em up to the Station and supper ready. Heavy sea runnin' too." Tom then shifted his



The Captain leaned back in his chair and laughed quietly

sand dune, whizzing away on its ornamental cap as merry as a jig dancer. It was still whirling away—this time on the top of the cupola at Naukashon; I could see it plainly as I drove up, its arrow due east—looking for trouble, as usual.

Hence my friendship for Captain Shortrode and his trusty surfmen. Hence, too, my welcome when I pushed in the door of the sitting-room and caught the





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here for a spell with his long black legs stickin' out like handle-bars, and his hands, big as hams, pokin' out o' the sleeves o' his jacket. We got laughin' so we had to go out by ourselves in the kitchen and have it out—didn't want to hurt his feelin's, you know."

The Captain leaned back in his chair, laughed quietly to himself at the picture it brought back to his mind, and continued, the men listening quietly, the smoke of their pipes drifting over the room.

"Next mornin' we got the four of 'em all ready to start off to the depot on their way back to Philadelphia—there warn't no use o' their stayin'—their schooner was all up and down the beach—and there was oysters 'nough 'long the shore to last everybody a month. Well, when the feller got his rig on, he looked himself all over and then he said he would like to have a hat. 'Bout a week before Tom here—" (Tom nodded now and smiled)—"had picked up one o' these high gray stovepipe hats with a black band on it, blowed overboard from some o' them yachts, maybe. Tom had it up on the mantel there dryin', and he said he didn't care, and I give it to the nigger and off he started, and we all went out on the back porch to see him move. Well, sir—when he went up 'long the dunes out here toward the village, steppin' like a crane in them high-up pants and jacket and them number 12's of Jerry's and that hat of Tom's, 'bout three sizes too small for him, I tell ye he was a show!"

Jerry and Saul chuckled and Tom broke into a laugh—the first smile I had seen on Tom's face since he had finished telling me about the little baby at home.

I laughed too—outwardly to the men and inwardly to myself, with peculiar tightening of the throat, followed by a glow that radiated heat as it widened. My mind was not on the grotesque negro cook in the assorted clothes. All I saw was a man fighting the surf, groping around in the blackness of the night for four water-soaked, terrified men until he got them—as he said—"all together." That part of it had never appealed to the Captain, and never will. Pulling drowning men single-handed out of a boiling surf was about as easy as pulling gudgeons out of a babbling brook.

Saul now pined up:

"Ought to git the Cap'n to tell ye how he got that lady ashore last winter from off that Jamaica brig."

At the sound of Saul's voice Captain Shortrode rose quickly from his chair, picked up his report and eyeglasses, and with a deprecating wave of his hand, as if the story would have to come from some other lips than his own, left the room—to "get an envelope," he said.

"He won't come back for a spell," laughed Jerry. "The old man don't like that yarn." "Old man" is a title of authority; sometimes of affection, and has nothing to do with Captain Shortrode's fifty years.

I made no comment—not yet. My ears were open, of course, but I was not holding the tiller of conversation and preferred that some one else should steer.

Again Saul piped up—this time to me, reading my curiosity in my eyes:

"Well, there warn't nothin' much to it, 'cept the way the Cap'n got her ashore—" and again Saul chuckled quietly, this time as if to himself. "The beach was full o' shipyard rats and loafers, and when they heared there was a lady comin' ashore in the breeches-buoy more o' 'em kept comin' in on the run. We'd fired the shot line and had the hawser fast to the brig's mast and the buoy rigged, and we were just goin' to haul in when Cap'n looked round on the crowd and he see right away what they come for and what they was 'spectin' to see. Then he ordered the buoy hauled back and he got into the breeches himself and we soused him through the surf and off to the brig. He showed her how to tuck her skirts in and how to squat down in the breeches 'stead o' stickin' her feet through, and then she got skeered and said she couldn't, and hollered, and so he got in with her and got his arms 'round her and landed her; both of 'em pretty wet." Saul stopped and leaned forward in his chair. A peculiar look went around the room. I was evidently expected to say something.

"Well, that was just like the Captain," I said mildly—"but where does the joke come in?"

"Well, there warn't no joke really—" remarked Saul with a wink around the room, "cept when we untangled 'em. She was 'bout seventy years old and black as tar. That's all!"

It seemed to be my turn now—"the laugh" being on me.

Dozens of stories flashed into my mind—the kind I would tell at a club dinner, or with the coffee and cigarettes—and were as instantly dropped. Such open-air, breezy giants, full of muscle and ozone, would find no interest in the adventures of any of my characters. The cheap wit of the cafés, the homely humor of the farm, the chatter of the opera-box or whisperings behind the palms of the conservatory—nothing of this could possibly interest these men. I was really ashamed to offer it. Tom's simple, straightforward story of his baby and his brother Bill had made it impossible for me to attempt to match it with any cheap pathos of my own; just as the graphic treatment of the fitting out of the negro cook by the Captain and of the rescue of the "lady" by Saul had ended any hope I might have had of interesting or amusing the men around me with any worn-eaten, hollow-shelled chestnuts of my own. What was wanted was some big, simple, genuine yarn—strong meat for strong men—not milk for babes; something they would know all about, and believe in and were part of. The storm-



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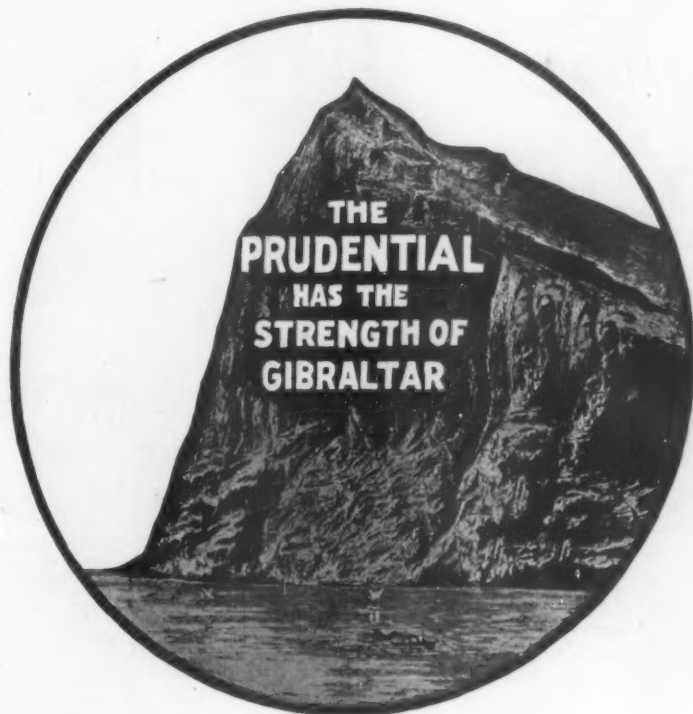
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ing of a fort; the flagging of a train within three feet of an abyss; the rescue of a child along a burning ledge five stories above the sidewalk: all these themes bubbled up and sank again in my mind.

Suddenly a great light broke in upon me! What they wanted was something about their own life: some account of the deeds of other Life-Savers up and down the coast—graphically put with proper dramatic effect, beginning slowly and culminating in the third act with a blaze of heroism. These big, brawny heroes about me would then get a clearer idea of the estimation in which they were held by their countrymen. A clearer idea, too, of true heroism—of the genuine article: examples of which were almost nightly shown in their own lives. This would encourage them to still greater efforts and the world thereby be the better for my telling.

That gallant rescue of that man off Quogue was just the thing!

"Oh," I began—"did you men hear about that four-master that came ashore off Shinnecock last week?" and I looked about into their faces.

"No," remarked Jerry, pulling his pipe from his mouth. "What about it?"

"Why, yes ye did," grunted Tom; "Number 17 got two of 'em."

"Yes—and the others were drowned—" interrupted Saul.

"Thick, wasn't it?" suggested one of the sleepy surfmen, thrusting his wharf-post of a leg into one section of his hip-boots.

"Yes—" I continued; "dense fog; couldn't see five feet from the shore. She grounded about a mile west of the Station and all the men had to go by was their cries. They couldn't use the boat, the sea was running so heavy, and they couldn't get a line over her because they couldn't see her, it was so thick. They stood by, however, all night, and at daylight she broke in two. All that day the men of two stations worked to get off to them, and every time they were beaten back. Then the fog cleared a little and two of the crew of the schooner were seen clinging to a piece of wreckage. Shot after shot was fired, and by a lucky hit one fell across them and they made fast and were hauled toward the shore."

At this moment the surfman who had been struggling with his hip-boots caught my eye, nodded and silently left the room, fully equipped for his patrol. I went on:

"When the wreckage with the two men clinging to it got within a hundred yards of the surf the inshore floatage struck them and smash they went into the thick of it. One of the shipwrecked men grabbed the line and tried to come ashore, the other poor fellow held to the wreckage. Twice the sea broke his hold, and still he held on."

The other surfman now disappeared into the night, the gale slamming the outer door behind him, the cold air finding its way into our warm retreat. I ignored the slight discourtesy and proceeded:

"Now, boys, comes the part of the story I think will interest you." As I said this I swept my glance around the room. Jerry was yawning behind his hand and Tom was shaking the ashes from his pipe. They were, I knew, bracing themselves for the denouement.

"On the beach" (my voice rose now) "stood Bill Halsey, one of the Quogue crew. He knew that the sailor in his weakened condition could not hold on through the inshore stuff, and in went Bill straight at the combers. There was not one chance in a hundred that he could live through it, but he got the man and held on, and the crew rushed in and hauled them clear of the smother—both of them half dead. Bill's arms still locked around the sailor. Bill came to soonest, and the first words he said were: 'Don't mind me, I'm all right; take care of the sailor!'"

I looked round again: Captain Shortrode was examining the stubs of his horny fingers with as much care as if they required amputation at some no distant day; Jerry and Saul had their eyes on the floor. Tom was still tilted back, his eyes closed. I braced up and continued:

"All this, of course, men, you no doubt heard about, but what the reporter told me may be new to you. That night the 'Shipping News' got Bill on the 'phone and asked him if he was William Halsey."

"Yes."

"Are you the man who pulled the sailor out of the wreckage this morning at day-break?"

"Yes."

"Well, we'd like you to write some little account of—"

"Well, I ain't got no time."

"If we send a reporter down will you talk to him and—"

"No, for there ain't nothin' to tell—"

"You're Halsey, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, we should like to get some of the details: it was a very heroic rescue and—"

"Well, there ain't no details and there ain't no heroics. I got paid for what I do and I done it—" and he rang off the 'phone."

A dead silence followed—one of those unpleasant silences that often follows a society break precipitating the well-known unpleasant quarter of an hour. This silence lasted only a minute. Then Captain Shortrode remarked calmly and coldly, and I thought with a tired feeling in his voice: "Well, what else could he have said?"

The fur-coated beast was taken out of camp, hooked up to the buggy, and the Captain and I plowed our way back to the depot, the men standing in the doorway, waving their hands good-by.

The next day I wrote this to the Superintendent at headquarters:

"These men fear nothing but God!"



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## LIFE'S LITTLE PLEASANTRIES



### The Patient Darky

THE Hon. John Sharp Williams, leader of the minority in the House of Representatives, says that one day while leisurely driving down a road near his home town in Mississippi, he observed a darky reclining under a tree near the roadside. The negro was gazing lazily up through the branches of the tree, and a hoe lay beside him. In the cornfield adjoining the road there could be seen, Mr. Williams states, many weeds impeding the growth of the grain.

"What are you doing there, Sam?" asked Mr. Williams.  
"I see heah to hoe dat corn, sah," was the answer.  
"Then what are you doing under the tree—resting?"  
"Not exactly, sah. I ain't hardly restin' 'cause I ain't tired. I'm waitin' fo' de sun to go down, so I kin quit work."



### English as She is Wrote

COLONEL PHIL THOMPSON tells of the trials experienced by a friend of his who recently acquired a new stenographer. The dear little thing is a trifle weak in orthography, but Thompson's friend has been loath to call her down, in view of the fact that she tries so hard to please. He is too big-hearted to discharge the girl, for she needs the money; so he corrects the spelling himself.

Recently, however, he was forced to call her attention to the fact that in a letter of some seventy-five words, she had committed eight errors, among which was "fourty."

"My, my!" exclaimed the friend. "This won't do, you know; I can't stand for forty spelt this way!"

The willing worker looked over his shoulder at the offending word, "Gracious!" she exclaimed, "how careless of me! I left out the 'gh,' didn't I?"



### The Facts of the Case

REPRESENTATIVE HAY of Virginia tells of an altercation in a colored club in Richmond that resulted in nearly all the members being haled before a police magistrate.

"You were present during this trouble?" asked the magistrate of a witness.

"Yes, yo' honah."

"Then tell us, in a few words, just how the difficulty began."

"Well, yo' honah," replied the darky with much gravity, "I think it was when the chairman of de entertainment committee swatted de secretary ovah de head wif de lovin' cup."



### A Parable

SOME one recently remarked to Senator Depew that there seemed to be little choice between the Republican and the Democratic parties, as the respective platforms practically enunciated the same principles.

"The money question being out of the way," it was remarked, "and as Judge Parker, in his speech of acceptance, calls for the same things that Roosevelt does in his, I can't see any difference."

Whereupon the Senator was reminded of a story. Said he:

"One day a thin man and a fat man started down the same street, each with the purpose to sell oranges. The thin man was energetic and impressed all as a hustler; the fat man was indolent, as fleshy people are apt to be. The thin man would yell:

"Oranges, oranges, n-i-c-e, j-u-i-c-y oranges; two for five, three for ten, thirty cents a dozen; n-i-c-e oranges!"

"When the thin man would cease for breath, the fat man would say:

"Here, too!"



### Burying the Hatchet

MR. WILLIAM M. CHASE, the New York artist, who was one of the very few real friends the late James Abbott McNeill Whistler ever possessed, says that he was once remonstrating with that eccentric artist with reference to his unjustifiably belligerent attitude to nearly everything and everybody. Mr. Chase himself had on more than one occasion been a target for the friendship-breaking remarks of the author of "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies." So it was with some warmth that he remarked to Whistler:

"Really, I must say you are incorrigible."



THE "MARGATE"

## The Florsheim SHOE

Twelve years ago, we sold Florsheim Shoes for \$12 and \$15, making a special foot-form last for each customer.

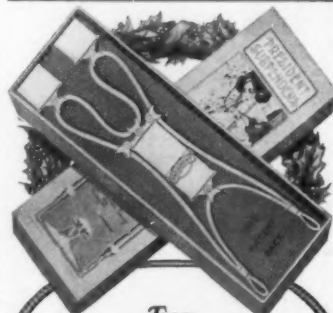
Today we make many pairs over each of our 200 specially designed foot-form lasts, giving the same perfect fit, style, comfort and lasting shape, and sell most styles for \$5.00.

Every pair—bench-made, of our specially selected damp-proof leather, we can fit almost every known shape of foot.

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**FREE**—Write for our booklet, "The Florsheim Way of Foot Fitting." Facts that will interest every shoe wearer. If you cannot get the Florsheim at your dealer's, send us his name and we will make a pair specially for you.

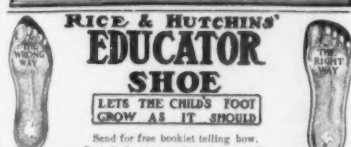
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Chicago, U. S. A.



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—the suspenders of comfort, beauty and service are in beautiful "Art Girl" boxes, done in ten colors. These boxes are suitable for mailing. Handsome presents. Price 50c and \$1.00, all stores, or mailed postpaid.

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Box 306 Shirley, Mass.



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LET'S THE CHILD'S FOOT GROW AS IT SHOULD

Send for free booklet telling how. Best dealers everywhere or by mail.

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shows in NATURAL COLORS and accurately describes 216 varieties of fruit. Send for our terms of distribution. We want more salesmen.—Stark Bro's, Louisiana, Mo.



# For Christmas



## Buttonless Suspender

Don't even think of making a gift of the buttoned-on kind of suspenders. They're 'way outdated by the "Buttonless," which fastens on by little nickel-finished clasps, and never lets go till the wearer says so. Self-adjusting; and has cast-off back as well as fronts.

**\$1.00** Finest suspenders made. Choice of Jacquard silk-finished webbing, or Mercerized lisle, plain or figured.  
**50c** The regular half-dollar webbing, plain or figured; heavy or light weight.

On receipt of price (\$1.00, or 50c) we will deliver the "Buttonless," packed in a Christmas box, to any address, postage prepaid.  
**THE BUTTONLESS SUSPENDER CO.**  
Sixth Street, Bloomsburg, Pa.  
(Agents wanted.)



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In order to make you acquainted with the greatest Oriental luxury ever imported into America, we have decided to send to readers of Collier's Weekly ten thousand trial packages of

## BLANK'S STUFFED DATES

filled with Pecan, Almond and Walnut. Simply send four cents to pay postage. These are not the small ordinary dates but great luscious Royal Dates such as are served in the palaces of Eastern princes. Or, for one dollar, we will send, charges prepaid, two large boxes that will make a feast for an epicure. At most stores where dainty things for the epicure are sold.

**BLANK'S**  
1919 Chestnut St., Philadelphia

## \$7.00 SETTLES THE XMAS "PROBLEM"

**WHY NOT A LASTING GIFT?**  
Let us send you this brooch or either of these rings, express charges all paid. If it suits you pay \$7.00 (and agree to pay \$1.50 per month for eight months, total, \$20.00). If you prefer to pay all cash, within ten days, the price is \$22.50. **THE DIAMONDS** are guaranteed extra fine color (blue-white) and absolutely perfect in every respect, beautifully cut and unusually brilliant. The mountings are 14 Karat Solid Gold.

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Dwain, the poultry expert, gives personal attention to every lesson. You're soon able to make success of your own business or manage for others at large salary. If you want to be a success and are in earnest, you should send for our Prospectus. Write today.

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Dept. M5, Rochester, N. Y.

Invaluable for relieving Hoarseness or Loss of Voice, Coughs, Irritation or Soreness of the Throat. In boxes only. Avoid Imitations. *John S. Brown*

It would seem that with you, Whistler, there is never a time to bury the hatchet.  
"You are quite mistaken," responded Whistler in the blandest way. "There is often a time to bury the hatchet—in the side of the enemy. Then we should think of him no more."

## Religion on the Pike

**EX-GOVERNOR FRANCIS** tells of a conversation that took place between an elderly maiden visiting the St. Louis Fair and one of the Ottoman attendants at a Turkish mosque on "The Pike."

The spinster was evidently interested in the spiritual welfare of the Sultan's subject, for she was heard to ask him several questions with reference to his religion.

"I hope," she said, "that you go to church every Sunday like a Christian."

"No, madam," was the quick reply, "I go every day like a Turk."

## THE GIFT

By Wallace Irwin

**SOMEWHERE** an Angel's promise cheers  
A world of Christmas snow;  
Somewhere the little lyric spheres  
Are hymning as they go.

O, what am I in Paradise  
To claim your magic boon?  
The one thing in the earth and skies  
That sets the stars astune!

## The Gay Militiaman

**REGULAR** army officers say that volunteers are a trifle deficient in matters of military etiquette. An illustrative of their weakness in this respect, Major-General Corbin tells an amusing story of a young lieutenant of militia who accompanied his fellow-volunteers to the war game at Manassas recently.

It appears that the young volunteer officer in question was conversing with certain regular army officers near General Corbin's tent, when General Grant and his staff passed. The regular officers arose and saluted, but the volunteer lieutenant sat still. "That was General Grant," said one of the regulars to the lieutenant. "Why didn't you salute him?"

"Oh," responded the volunteer, nonchalantly, "I've only been here a few days, and we haven't been introduced."

## Directions for Use

**THE** inventor of a new feeding bottle for infants sent out the following among his directions for using:

"When the baby is done drinking it must be unscrewed and laid in a cool place under the hydrant. If the baby does not thrive on fresh milk it should be boiled."

## A Pleasant Possibility

**A MEMBER** of the faculty of the Columbian Medical College at Washington is particularly fond of taking his students unawares in his "quizzes." To one student, whom it would not be uncharitable to call a dullard, the professor said one day:

"What quantity constitutes a dose of —" giving the technical name of croton oil.

"A teaspoonful," was the answer. The instructor made no comment; and the student soon realized that he had made a mistake. After a quarter of an hour had elapsed, he said:

"Professor, I should like to change my reply to that question."

"I'm afraid it's too late, Mr. Blank," responded the professor, looking at his watch. "Your patient has been dead fourteen minutes."

## Homicide at Langtry

**"PRIVATE"** JOHN ALLEN has a fund of stories illustrating the peculiar brand of justice that used to be meted out at Langtry, Texas, by the celebrated Squire Roy Bean.

According to Mr. Allen, Squire Bean once sat in judgment in the matter of the killing at Langtry of a Chinaman by a local character named Jim Anderson.

With great solemnity Bean listened to the evidence offered, of which no small part was contributed by Anderson himself. Bean had

## A Nutritious Food-Drink for all Ages



Should be in every home.

It makes a delightful restorative beverage at a moment's notice. A very invigorating and healthful table drink for all, more wholesome than tea, coffee, or cocoa. An ideal nutrient for the infant, growing child, and the aged. Delicious, refreshing, and nutritious as a light luncheon for every member of the family.

Pure, rich milk from our own inspected dairies, with the extract of the cereals carefully selected and malted by our special process. Elaborate precautions insure purity, excellence, and uniformity of the product.

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At all druggists.

Sample mailed free upon request. Our Booklet gives many valuable recipes, and is also sent free, if mentioned.

Ask for HORLICK'S; others are imitations.

**Horlick's Food Co.**  
Racine, Wis., U. S. A.  
London, England,  
Montreal, Canada.

## Shakespeare's Seven Ages

5th "And then the Justice, full of wise saws"

## WHAT HAVE I FORGOTTEN?

birthdays, etc. Jot them down

**HUEBSCH'S YEAR BOOK for 1905**  
A diary showing day, date, number of days past and to come, with ample space for writing; contains Postal information and calendars for three years. The Year Book even taxes your memory; all that you have to do and have done may be contained between its covers; as a reminder for the future and for reference as to the past, it is indispensable. You are buying Christmas gifts now. What can be more appropriate than the Year Book which will remind the recipient of you 365 times a year? It is suitable for men, women and children in every avenue of activity. To give the gift a personal touch, you may have your friend's name stamped in gold on the cover for 15 cents.

No. 21—For the Pocket. 2 days to a page, ruled; light green cloth covers, stamped with a neat design; yellow writing paper; round corners, green edges; size 4 1/2 x 5 1/2; 12 pages of excellent stationery and information. Postpaid, \$0.50

No. 22—For the Man's Desk. 1 day to a page; red cloth covers, neatly stamped in black; yellow writing

No. 23—A Fine Gift Book. 1 day to a page; red leather covers, stamped in gold; round corners, gilt edges; primrose bond paper; gilt marble fly leaves; ribbon bookmark; size 4 1/2 x 5 1/2. Postpaid, \$1.10

No. 24—Same as No. 23, but 6 x 9. Postpaid, \$1.65

If none of these meets your requirements, send for circular describing the ten styles (50c. to \$1.75) with commendations of Grover Cleveland and other distinguished users of Year Books. Any mailorder can procure Huebsch's Year Book for you if he doesn't carry it in stock.  
**E. W. HUEBSCH, Publisher, 1136 Tract Bldg., New York.** An ideal gift for thoughtful parents or teachers.

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**LINDSAY LIGHT COMPANY**  
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A birthday or wedding present, nothing would please a woman more than one of our absolutely moth-proof Red Cedar Chests in which to pack her linens. They are made in five sizes and sold on approval, direct from factory to home. Write for illustrated descriptive booklet and special prepaid freight offer.

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Cures eruptions, heals and disinfects. Be sure to get Glenn's of druggists.

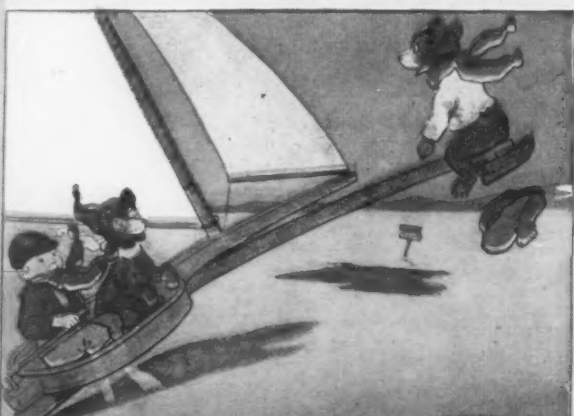
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31. Bub and Cub take Pettibear a-sailing on the ice. Take that far outside end, they say, You'll find it very nice.



They know that when the wind will come, 'twill raise him in the air, And, chuckling, fix themselves to laugh, and leave him frightened there.



And, sure enough, the wind blows hard, and lifts him like a kite. But he keeps gamely silent, though they laugh with all their might.



But see! They've struck an air-hole, and the water's cold and clear. And Pettibear looks down and laughs, and says, "It's dry up here!"

# Pettijohn

Start Christmas Day with a simple breakfast. Nothing more acceptable on such a day than Pettijohn. A steaming bowl of this fragrant wheat-food will put you and the children into just the right state of mind for the big feast to follow.

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at various times during the proceedings consulted a book before him. When he spoke, it was somewhat as follows:

"This here book, which is a Texas law-book, says that homicide is the killing of a human—male or female. Furthermore, it appears from the book that there's various sorts of homicide—murder, manslaughter, plain homicide, negligent homicide, justifiable homicide, and praiseworthy homicide. Then, ag'in, there's three kinds of humans—white men, niggers, and Mexicans. It stands to reason that a Chinaman ain't a human. If a Chinaman was a human, a killing of him would, the court thinks, come under the head of praiseworthy homicide. The prisoner is discharged, on the condition he pays for the costs and has the Chink buried."

### The Retort Courteous

"THE late Charles Hoyt," says Frank Daniels, the actor, "was about as genial a fellow as one would ever meet; yet, when occasion offered, he could give utterance to some rather sarcastic remarks."

"I remember once how he gave an awful jolt to a player well known for his intense egotism. Hoyt was in the box of a Western theatre witnessing the first production of one of his musical comedies, and, in accordance with his custom, making notes for the improvement of the piece, when a telegram from the actor referred to was handed to him. The telegram read:

"If your new play is a success, I very much desire the leading role in same."  
"Whereupon Hoyt turned over the message, wrote upon the other side: 'You are alone in your desire,' and gave it to the messenger to be at once put on the wire."

### QUATRAIN

By Ludwig Lewisohn

LIKE to a maddened gamester have I set  
My whole heart's weal upon a single throw.  
And I have lost—although I dare not yet  
Peer at the dice through trembling hands, and know!

### An Interesting Letter

DR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE tells of an amusing rebuke once given by Thomas Bailey Aldrich to Professor E. S. Morse for the latter's illegible handwriting.

According to Dr. Hale, Mr. Aldrich got back at the professor in this wise:  
"My Dear Morse: It was very pleasing to me to get your recent letter. Perhaps I should have been more pleased had I been able to decipher the same. I have not been able to master any of it beyond the date, which I knew, and the signature, which I guessed at. This is a singular and perpetual charm in a letter of yours; it never grows old; it never loses its novelty. One can say to one's self every morning: 'Here's that letter of Morse's. I haven't read it yet. I think I'll take another shy at it to-day, and maybe I shall, in the course of a few months, be able to make out what he means by those t's that look like w's and those i's that have no eyebrows.' Other letters are read and thrown away, but yours are kept forever—unread. One of them will last a reasonable man a lifetime. Admiringly yours, T. B. ALDRICH."

### Not a Matter of Ownership

PRESIDENT ELIOT of Harvard recently visited a hotel in New York, and when he left the dining-room the colored man in charge of the hats picked up his tile without hesitation and handed it to him.

"How did you know that was my hat when you have a hundred there?" asked Mr. Eliot.  
"I didn't know it, sah," said the negro.  
"Didn't know it was mine? Then why did you give it to me?"  
"Because you gave it to me, sah."

### The Wise Judge

REPRESENTATIVE DINSMORE of Arkansas tells of a rural justice of the peace in that State who was approached by a man desiring a divorce. The justice was in a quandary. Calling the bailiff to his side, he whispered:

"What's the law on this p'int?"  
"You can't do it," was the reply. "It's out of your jurisdiction."

The husband, observing the consultation between the two officials, anxiously interjected: "I'm willin' to pay well; got the money right here in this sock!"

At this the justice assumed his gravest judicial air. Adjusting his spectacles, he said:  
"You know'd before you came here that

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Received the First Award at St. Louis

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for Christmas and when he expresses his admiration for your good taste you will know that he has just lost his and is hinting for you to give him another one. A Waterman Ideal Fountain Pen is the Universal Christmas Gift because everybody wants a ready, cleanly fountain pen that never floods or fails to write. For sale by all dealers. A pen bought of any dealer may be exchanged at any of our offices. Insist on Waterman's Ideal and beware of imitations. Send for catalogue of special Christmas styles and mountings.

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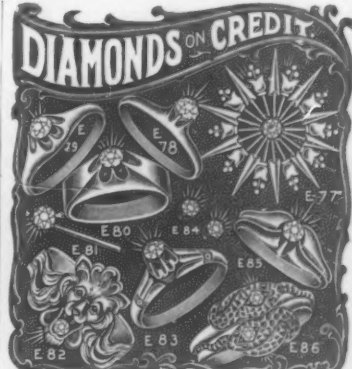
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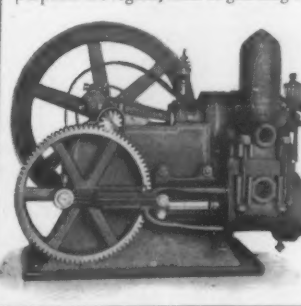
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White, Black or Natural  
\$5



## An Ostrich Feather Fan

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A Most Useful Xmas Gift

This fan is the 13 inch size and can be had in rich, lustrous black, beautiful, pearly white; or in the rich, natural shades of dark brown and white mixed.

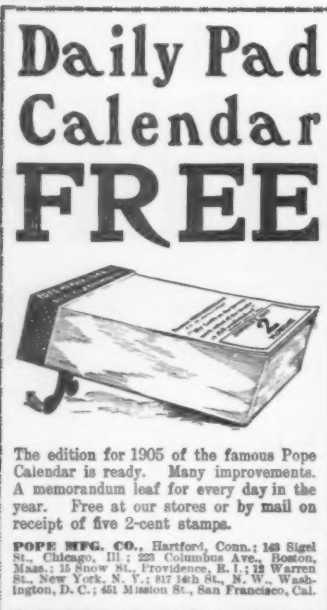
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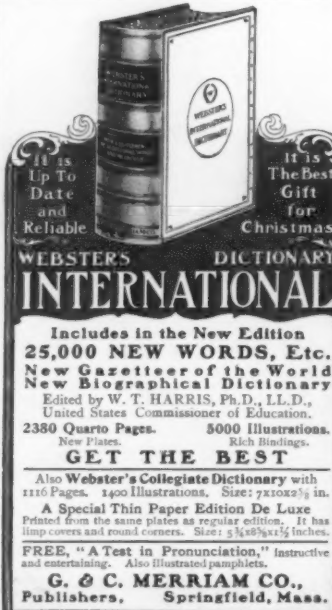
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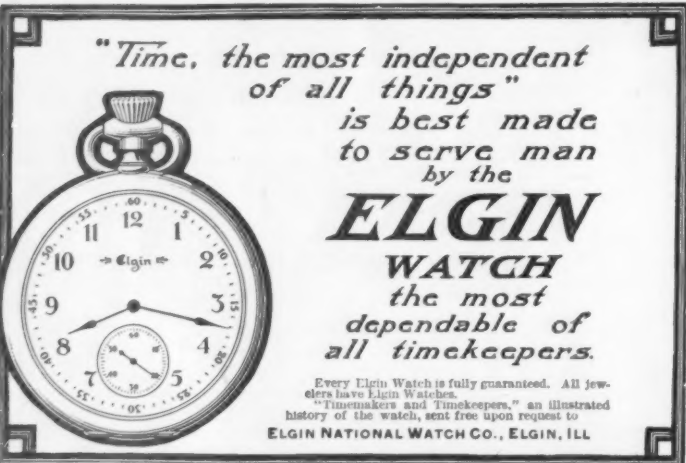
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'twartn for me to separate husband and wife; and yet you not only take up the valuable time of this here court with yo' talkin', but you actually perpose to bribe me with money! Now, how much have you got in that sock?"

"Bout six dollars and a half, yo' honah!"

"All right! Then I fine you five dollars for bribery and a dollar and a half for takin' up my time with a case outter my jurisdiction, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

### Parental Promptitude

Willie: "Mamma, I think I like God better than I do papa."

Mrs. Shimson: "Why, Willie?"

"Well, papa punishes me a great deal quicker than God does."

### A Family Affair

"JUST after his election as Governor of Massachusetts," says Representative McCall, "Mr. Crane sent his son Robert to attend a military school in New York."

"The younger Crane, by reason of his manly ways and modest disposition, soon made himself solid with the faculty."

"There was an oral examination one day during the course of which young Crane was asked to give the name of the Governor of Massachusetts."

"After a moment's hesitation, Robert replied: 'I don't know, sir.'"

"Amazed by this unexpected answer, the teacher exclaimed, 'What, you don't know who is the Governor of your own State? Reflect, my boy!'"

"Very sorry, sir," said the boy quietly, "but I really don't know."

"Why, Robert!" cried the instructor, "don't you know that your father is the Governor of Massachusetts?"

"Oh, come to think of it," responded the youngster, "I believe he did tell me something of the sort; but I didn't take much stock in it. I thought he was joshing me."

### ANY WAY

"MOTHER, may I go out to be killed?"

"Yes, my darling daughter."

Just jump on a car or cross a street, Or else go near the water."

### Cause to be Thankful

MR. CHOATE, Ambassador of the United States at London, tells of the address made by an Irish officer to his men who had just returned from a fruitless expedition.

Rising to his feet with the utmost solemnity and seriousness, the officer said:

"My men, I am fully aware of the fact that many of you brave fellows are disappointed because in this campaign you were afforded little opportunity to fight; but, my brave boys, reflect upon this: that had there been any fighting, there would have been many absent faces here to-day!"

### Very Much Later

Hobb: "What kind of cigars does Hilbin smoke?"

Nobb: "The kind you put in your pocket to enjoy later."

### How the Case Stood

HARRY and Maud were born in the same village and lived across the way from each other. When Harry was six and Maud was four, they sat on the front steps and held hands, and Harry divided his cake with Maud, and when he cut his finger he let Maud look at it first.

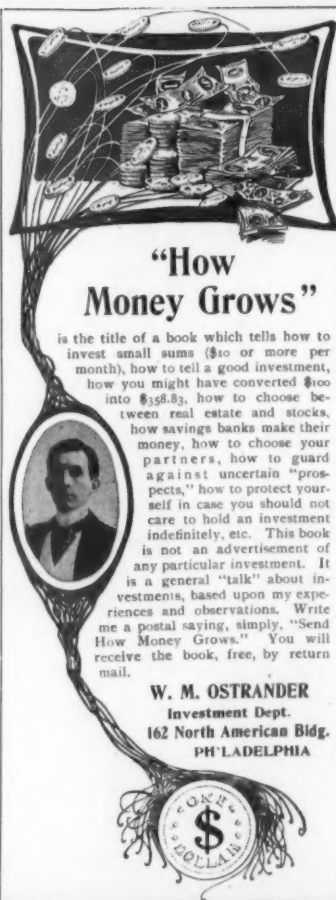
They went to the same Sunday-school, and grew up so close together that Harry would come into Maud's house without knocking at the door, and Maud did plain sewing for Harry up to the time he was able to vote.

Harry and Maud were close comrades. They sang in the same choir, used the same buggy for years, and when the time came to get married everybody said it was a celestial cinch.

Harry had never thought of any one but Maud, and Maud had never thought of any one but Harry.

And so they were married.

Shortly afterward, business took Harry away to a neighboring city, and by-and-by rumors came over the wireless that all was not well with Harry and Maud. Harry was playing the races and Maud had joined the



## "How Money Grows"

is the title of a book which tells how to invest small sums (\$10 or more per month), how to tell a good investment, how you might have converted \$100 into \$358.83, how to choose between real estate and stocks, how savings banks make their money, how to choose your partners, how to guard against uncertain "prospects," how to protect yourself in case you should not care to hold an investment indefinitely, etc. This book is not an advertisement of any particular investment. It is a general "talk" about investments, based upon my experiences and observations. Write me a postal saying, simply, "Send How Money Grows." You will receive the book, free, by return mail.

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## ELEGRAPHY

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great army of home Knockers. They said that Maud had developed a disposition that an army mule might envy, and Harry was running around in other people's automobiles.

A year later Harry and Maud came back to town.

They had been divorced about six months. Maud led around an anemic individual that looked as if the wind would blow him over, who kept a candy store in South Boston. They had only known each other a week before they were married, and now she called him "Sweetie" and "Darling" and "Pet" in seven modulations.

Harry was tied up to a large plus blonde with Delft eyes and a superhuman waist, whom he had met in a manicure establishment. He called her his angel and his affinity.

One day the village gossip syndicate appointed a committee of two to call on Harry and Maud and worm from them the secret of their past.

And Maud said: "How could I really know what Harry was when I saw so much of him?"

And Harry said: "In reply to your leading question, I would say that we were both overtrained."

## EXPLAINED

JOHN JONES on his Stenographer

With best of reason dotes,

She's the only living person who

Will take from him his Notes!

The others demand Cash.

And for another reason, too,

He swears that she is great,

She's the only woman in the world

To whom he dares dictate!

He's married.

## Legal Formality

MR. JOHN G. CARLISLE tells of a case that many years ago he was called upon to try before a justice of the peace in the mountains of Kentucky.

This justice of the peace was also a blacksmith. He came into court from his smithy, and, retaining his leather apron, mounted the bench with all possible solemnity of manner. The worthy man was very officious in his manner, trying hard to imitate the legal dignitaries he had seen in the surrounding districts. It was plainly to be seen, says Mr. Carlisle, that the good man had determined that in the presence of a "city" lawyer from Louisville it behooved him, the justice, to assume a judicial air that would be doubly impressive. The case under trial was that in which suit was brought for the payment of feed furnished certain horses. Mr. Carlisle represented the defendant, and the defence made was that the bill had been paid. When argument had been had, the justice delivered himself of the following:

"The court is very familiar with this case. The court has listened to what the witnesses have got to say and the talk of the lawyers. The court will not decide this case just now. It reserves its opinion. The case goes under advisement for three days, and the court will then decide the case in favor of the plaintiff."

## The Runaways

Bride: "Here is a telegram from papa!"

Bridegroom (eagerly): "What does he say?"

Bride (reading): "Do not come home, and all will be forgiven."

## Cruelty and Consideration

THE modern lady sat down to her luncheon. The principal dish was a young squab that belonged to an extremely interesting and beautiful family of pigeons. The father and mother pigeon had met their fate a day or so before at a grand shooting match. As for the squab, not having any father or mother left, it was better, perhaps, that he should fulfil his mission by satisfying the hunger of such a charming human being as the modern lady was.

After she had finished her luncheon, the modern lady called her maid and directed her to go upstairs and get her winter coat. This coat was made of baby lambs' wool. The lives of a great number of baby lambs had been sacrificed in order to make this coat. And it was natural for the modern lady to say to the maid:

"Now, Katy, when the furrier calls hand him this for storage, and tell him to take good care of it, as I am greatly attached to it."

Then she went upstairs to get ready to go out.

She put on her soft walking boots, furnished by an affectionate young kid; also her gloves, furnished by another kid. She put on her hat, upon which was poised a

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*"I have worn W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes for the last twelve years with absolute satisfaction. I find them superior to all comfort and wear to others costing from \$5.00 to \$7.00."*

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The Journal states that Mr. Castle paid \$4400 for a single stamp, and the Globe that a Galveston man found a coin worth \$5000. If you are interested in large legitimate profits send 2 stamps for 4-page Ill. Circular and make a few thousand quickly. W. Von Bergen, Souley Sq. C.W. Boston, Mass.

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A dainty little device to hang up small pictures, calendars, wreaths at windows, porches, draperies, etc., without disfiguring wood or plaster-walls as does a tack.

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solve the problem. You push them in with your fingers. Made of fine steel and polished glass; strong and ornamental. At stationery, house-furnishing and photo-supply stores or mailed prepaid for 16 cents per packet of 1/2 dozen, either size. No. 1 like cut; size No. 2 longer handle.

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Two Story Club Bag.



No. 15 Suit Case



Jack-Knife Steamer Trunk.

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MAKERS  
ROCHESTER  
NEW YORK  
ESTABLISHED 1840

This Trade-Mark on Every Piece.

beautiful bird. This bird had once been alive and had sung in a Southern forest, but one day he had been shot down, and now the modern lady was surveying him critically in her mirror.

As she stepped out of her door, and paused a moment for her carriage to come up, if she had been of a reflective turn of mind, or if the subject had specially interested her, she might possibly have considered for a moment the number and variety of animals that had been murdered to make her surroundings more luxurious. Through the window in the hall was the dim outline of a magnificent moose-head, shot last year by her son in a Canadian forest. On her floor was a tiger-skin brought from India. On the shoulders of her coachmen were monkey-skin capes. In fact, no matter where the eye rested, the remains of some dead animal or bird testified to man's wonderful skill and ingenuity of slaughter.

But the modern lady was pursuing no such reflection. On the contrary, her observation was directed solely to a stray dog that had wandered incontinently upon the premises and was looking up at her from a safe distance with strangely pathetic eyes.

She rang the bell again.

"Katy," she said to the maid, "I left part of a squab on my plate. Won't you coax that dog round to the door and give it to him? Poor little thing! Some one has been dreadfully cruel to him."

### ON SHIPBOARD

By McLandburgh Wilson

WITH the wireless ocean paper  
Published daily on the deep,  
Will it have a circulation  
Guaranteed a million steep?  
And there's still another question,  
Over which we deeply brood:  
Would it pay to fill its columns  
Advertising breakfast food?

### Light Logic for Lazy Listeners

KISSES are the dividends payable on the bonds of love.

Put not your trust in riches; rather put your riches in trust.

A selfish man is like a ball of twine—all wrapped up in himself.

A lobster is apt to give you a pain whether you talk to him or eat him.

It would not seem advisable to heap coals of fire on a bald-headed man.

It is not your business to bother with business that's nobody's business.

It does not take much to satisfy you if you are satisfied with yourself.

Many of the so-called gems of thought afterward turn out to be paste.

They say that some people are so bashful that they shun the naked truth.

A horse is a good thing to carry you, but a poor thing to carry your money.

Better not talk honest politics until you quit flinching the street car conductor.

The face is the window of the soul, but too many folks have stained glass windows.

When a fellow holds the wheel of fortune it's no wonder that his life is a round of pleasure.

The old gray owl is somewhat of a pessimist after all, because he never looks on the bright side of life.

A minister who can perform four marriages in twenty minutes might be said to make twelve knots an hour.

Many a woman will drag a month's salary along the street and then scold her husband because he doesn't turn up his trousers.

### An Unexplained Distinction

THE present Chinese Minister, Sir Chentung Liang Cheng, K.C.M.G., is as witty as his well-known predecessor, Wu Ting-fang.

In June last Sir Chentung was an interested spectator of the marriage ceremony of certain young friends in Washington. At the conclusion of the wedding, as the Minister was leaving the house, he made some inquiries of a friend with respect to the origin of the custom of throwing rice after the newly joined couple.

"Oh," replied the friend, "that's by way of wishing them good luck, I suppose."

"In that case," suggested the Oriental with just a suspicion of a smile, "why is it not the custom to throw rice after the hearse at a funeral?"

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is pure. Don't let your grocer swindle you with a cheap and dangerous substitute. Insist on having Burnett's.—Adv.

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AND CANDY MAKERS  
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An interesting booklet about Holeproof Sox sent free on request.

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WITH EVERY PAIR OF

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We guarantee that "HOLE-PROOF SOX" will need no darning if worn six months alternately.

Holeproof Sox look better, fit better, feel better and wear better—because they are better. That's why we can afford to live up to such a good guarantee.

Holeproof Sox are made in the following fast colors: Tan, (light and dark), Black, Pearl, Navy Blue, and Black legs with White feet.

Holeproof Sox are made in two grades, (1) Merino (medium or heavy), Sold only in lots of 4 pairs for \$2.00. (2) Cotton. Sold only in lots of six pairs for \$1.50. We pay shipping charges.

**Holeproof Sox**  
(TRADE MARK)  
Address Dept. B.

**HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY**  
Milwaukee

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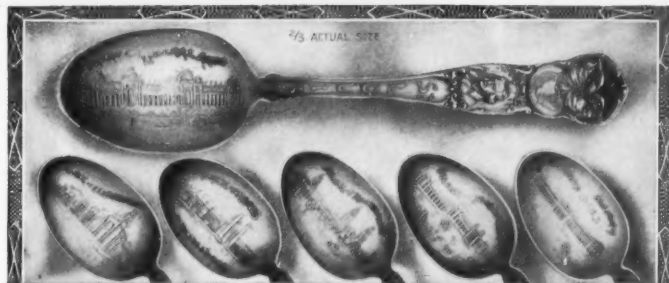
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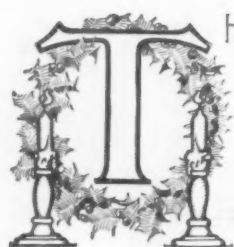


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